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TO THE PUBLIC.

A COMPLETE change has taken place both in the proprietors and conductors of the CRITICAL REVIEW; not a single individual formerly concerned having now any connection with it. Under every alteration the purpose should be improvement, but the one by no means necessarily implies the other. Upon this point experience is the true test. Those who at present have the management of the Review make no promises, for the best of all reasons—because those promises would not be believed.—The public hope has so often been deceived, and its confidence has so often been abused for temporary purposes, that the time is come when nothing but performances will avail. Meritorious exertions are now, however, as sure of success, as empty professions are certain of defeat. The future numbers of the Critical Review are therefore appealed to, and by them the Proprietors must be judged. If they and their literary friends have not talent sufficient for the due conduct of it, let it sink like other worthless undertakings. It has already received the patronage of the public for 60 years, and those into whose hands it has just devolved, have but one object:—to make it as deservedly acceptable as at any former period of its existence.

It is necessary, however, to say something as to future intentions, and as to what the Readers of the Critical Review will have a right to look for on its pages hereafter. Impartiality is the first requisite of self-erected censors—learning and ability depend upon other circumstances, but impartiality upon themselves: as the Critical Reviewers will not be merely “the discoverers and collectors of the faults of writers,” so neither will they be the lavish eulogists of folly and inanity. Industry is no less in their own power, and all exertions will be made to give the earliest and fullest detail of works published, avoiding alike the two extremes of mere analysis and separate essay.

Of late years one important department of a Review has been necessarily much neglected, viz. the notice of foreign valuable publications. The connections of the Proprietors of this work abroad, and their acquaintance with modern languages will enable them to supply this deficiency.

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It is a part of their design to introduce into their pages, a novelty to periodical publications of this kind, which in the present state of the public taste will not be unacceptable. Much attention within the last five and twenty years has been devoted to the early literature of Great Britain; it has led to expensive reprints of works, sometimes of intrinsic value, and sometimes of mere curiosity. In general, however, in both cases, judicious extracts, comprising the most useful or interesting portions of the originals would fully answer all important purposes. A department of this kind will in future be opened in the Critical Review under the head of "*Bibliotheca Antiqua*," for which ample resources are afforded to the Proprietors, either in their own, the libraries of their friends, or of public institutions to which they have access. The forgotten trash of former times will never be raked from its dust, unless for the sake of illustrating some valuable point connected with history and antiquities.

Without further preface, the Proprietors proceed to endeavour to fulfil their wishes. It would be idle to say that they have been *at all* completely accomplished in the present, which is the first number from their hands. They hope to proceed with improvements: never perfectly self-satisfied, for there improvement usually ends, but generally valuing their own efforts by the safe standard of public estimation.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of the late Thomas Holcroft, written by himself, and continued to the time of his death, from his Diary, Notes, and other Papers.* 3 vols. 12mo. London. Longman, Hurst, and Co.

THERE is no part of life to which we look back, (we would be understood in the first person singular, though speaking in the critical, first person plural) with greater pleasure than to the time of our first introduction to the acquaintance of the subject of these Memoirs. On that day several persons of note were collected at the house of Mr. Holcroft, all his intimate friends—a late celebrated and eccentric painter, who like his host had risen by his own merit, from the lowest station in life to the highest rank in his profession—a dramatic writer of eminence, who has since much added to his deserved reputation—a poet and critic, little known beyond the small circle of his affectionate friends—his sister, not less amiable, and scarcely less capable, and several others, male and female, whose names and qualities we cannot recall, besides some of the members of Mr. Holcroft's family.

This was one of the first societies composed almost exclusively of men of letters, into which we had been admitted, and the pleasure received from this visit perhaps had no slight influence in fixing the pursuit of our after life. On this occasion the principal object of our attention was Mr. Holcroft, who, we had heard, was a man of a morose temper, and of manners particularly forbidding. When we entered the room he was playing at draughts, (a game of which he was extremely fond) with the late Mr. Opie; and the intense earnestness with which he knit his rugged brow and bit his lip, did not produce a favourable impression. He bore a defeat, however, with great good humour, carrying it off playfully with this exclamation, "Well, Opie, if you were not a good *draughtsman*, you could never be so good a *painter*." He then joined the rest of the party, and in the course of the evening, in the most unaffected and familiar style, related several of the anecdotes of his youth, which, with one or two exceptions are contained in the narrative we are about to review. Until then we were ignorant that the author of *Anna St. Ives*, and of the *Road to Ruin*, which we had just before seen represented at the theatre, was the son of an itinerant cobbler and pedlar, and, as he stated with perfect openness, that he himself had begged bread for the temporary sustenance of his parents. It is difficult to imagine any situation that could produce in a young mind a higher veneration for genius which had overleapt even "poverty's unconquerable bar," and had converted rags and wretchedness into the very means of improvement.

We have mentioned this circumstance in fairness to our readers, because we are not sure whether we have not on this account, read the memoirs before us with an interest, in which others will not fully participate. At all times of course to those who have followed the same bent, the lives of literary men will have a sort of exclusive charm, and even trifling incidents will appear to their eyes magnified into an importance that perhaps does not really belong to them: in the present case it has besides received an addition from an accidental circumstance. At the same time all readers will find the early portion at least, of this narrative, so full of curious and entertaining incidents—told in so lively and humorous a manner, that none will lay it down with dissatisfaction, and few without great gratification.

Much the larger portion of these Memoirs has been compiled by Mr. Hazlitt, from Mr. Holcroft's papers, and only about half the first volume was written by himself. In the advertisement we are informed "that Mr. Holcroft had intended for

several years before his death, to write an account of his own life. It is now only to be regretted that he did not begin to execute his design sooner. Few lives have been marked with more striking changes; and no one possessed the qualities necessary for describing them with characteristic liveliness more than he did. It often happens that what we most wish done, we fail to do, either through fear, lest the execution should not answer our expectations, or because the pleasure with which we contemplate a favourite object at a distance makes us neglect the ordinary means of attaining it. This seems to have been the case with Mr. Holcroft, who did not begin the work he had projected, till within a short time of his death." We doubt if either of these reasons be the true one, for among other notions entertained by Mr. Holcroft was an opinion that his life would be of long duration, not merely from the general vigour of his constitution, but from a power he imagined he possessed of putting a stop to the progress of disease by the operation of mental energy. With respect to mere bodily pain this is no doubt the case, and so we have heard Mr. Holcroft say he has at times found it, but it can never have any effect upon the slow and almost unperceived progress of a disorder like that which terminated his life. This conviction, however, was probably the cause of the postponement, which he appears afterwards to have been so anxious to remedy when upon his death bed: "he told his physicians that he did not care what severity of treatment he was subject to, provided he could live six months longer, to complete what he had begun. By dictating a word at a time he succeeded in bringing it down to his fifteenth year. When," (adds Mr. Hazlitt,) "the clearness, minuteness, and vividness of what he wrote, are compared with the feeble, half-convulsed state in which it was written, it will be difficult to bring a stronger instance of resolution and firmness of mind under such circumstances." It was the mental energy to which we have above referred, triumphing over corporeal suffering, that enabled him partially to accomplish his purpose.

Certainly that part of the work which is from the pen of Mr. Holcroft is the most important, and the most necessary to have been written by himself. Such as read works of this kind as they would devour a novel, for a jumble of incidents, will perhaps charge the author with tediousness in the detail of trifles; but "the child is still the father to the man," and those who view these Memoirs with the higher object of tracing and judging of character, and of watching philosophically the gradual

formation of mind, will not fail to peruse the first half volume with peculiar pleasure. The childhood and youth of great men, are the steps by which they have risen to their eminence, and by which we learn to follow them; from hence a knowledge of the "secret heart" of individuals is to be derived. Who but a fool would not prefer an authentic relation of the early inclination and habits of Shakspeare, to all the libellous inventions of deer-stealing, and theatrical lackey-ship. In a less degree it is so with all, and of the recollections and habits of youth who could be so fit a relater as the subject of them? Yet in this respect nearly all memoirs are very deficient, especially the memoirs of persons who are not auto-biographers. But our readers are impatient for extracts.

After stating that he was born in Orange Court, Leicester-fields, on the 10th December, 1745, O.S. and that his father was a maker of chairmen's shoes, Mr. Holcroft proceeds to state his father's motives for leaving London for Berkshire, and his own early and successful efforts at reading, assisted by the old entertaining romances of Parismus and the Seven Champions, which doubtless gave a bias to his mind. He goes over a number of infantine events and remembrances with a felicity of relation that places before the reader just the sort of dim twilight into which the author is searching for in-distinct images; he mentions various abortive schemes undertaken by his father to procure a livelihood, some of which gave him a great partiality for horses; and it appears that while his father was otherwise engaged, he and his mother went about the country with pedlary wares, in which trade they were so unsuccessful that they were reduced to great want: of the resource in this extremity the following interesting account is given.

"I cannot say what my father's employment was, while I and my mother were, what they emphatically called, *tramping* the villages, to hawk our pedlary. It may be presumed, however, that it was not very lucrative, for he soon after left it, and he and my mother went into the country, hawking their small wares, and dragging me after them. They went first to Cambridge, and afterwards, as their hopes of success led them, traversed the neighbouring villages. Among these we came to one which I thought most remarkably clean, well built, and unlike villages in general: my father said it was the handsomest in the kingdom. We must have been very poor, however, and hard-driven on this occasion; for here it was that I was either encouraged, or commanded, one day to go by myself from house to house, and beg. Young as I was, I had considerable readiness in making out a story, and on

this day, my little inventive faculties shone forth with much brilliancy. I told one story at one house, another at another, and continued to vary my tale just as the suggestions arose: the consequence of which was, that I moved the good country people exceedingly. One called me a poor fatherless child: another exclaimed, what a pity! I had so much sense! a third patted my head, and prayed God to preserve me that I might make a good man. And most of them contributed either by scraps of meat, farthings, bread and cheese, or other homely offers, to enrich me, and send me away with my pockets loaded. I joyfully brought as much of my stores as I could carry, to the place of rendezvous my parents had appointed, where I astonished them by again reciting the false tales I had so readily invented. My father, whose passions were easily moved, felt no little conflict of mind as I proceeded. I can now, in imagination, see the working of his features. "God bless the boy! I never heard the like!" Then turning to my mother, he exclaimed with great earnestness—"This must not be! the poor child will become a common place liar! A hedge-side rogue!—He will learn to pilfer!—Turn a confirmed vagrant!—Go on the highway when he is older, and get hanged. He shall never go on such errands again." How fortunate for me in this respect, that I had such a father! He was driven by extreme poverty, restless anxiety, and a brain too prone to sanguine expectation, into many absurdities, which were but the harbingers of fresh misfortunes: but he had as much integrity and honesty of heart as perhaps any man in the kingdom, who had had no greater advantages. It pleases me now to recollect, that, though I had a consciousness that my talents could keep my parents from want, I had a still stronger sense of the justice of my father's remarks. As it happened, I had not only read and remembered the consequences of good and evil, as they are pointed out in the Scriptures, but I had also become acquainted with some of the renowned heroes of fable; and to be a liar, a rogue, and get hanged, did not square well with the confused ideas I had either of goodness or greatness, or with my notions of a hero."

The little reluctance young Holcroft seems to have shewn to fabricate these tales of distress is scarcely reconcileable with "the dawning regard for truth," of which mention had been before made; but though the precise circumstances might be invented, the main fact of destitution was real, and a starving father and mother are powerful excuses for the deviation from veracity. He hints at the origin of his love for the drama, in the following humorous relation.

"The things of which I have the most distinct recollection as connected with the Isle of Ely, are its marshy lands, multiplied ditches, long broad grass, low and numerous draining mills; with

the cathedral of Peterborough, which I thought beautiful; but above all, those then dear and delightful creatures, a quack doctor, peeping from behind his curtain, and that droll devil his merry Andrew, apparitions first beheld by me at Wisbeach fair. It was a pleasure so unexpected, so exquisite, so rich and rare, that I followed the merry Andrew and his drummer through the streets, gliding under arms and between legs, never long together three yards apart from him; almost bursting with laughter at his extreme comicality; tracing the gridirons, punchinellos, and pantomime figures on his jacket; wondering at the manner in which he twirled his hat in the air, and again caught it so dexterously on his head. My curiosity did not abate, when he examined to see if there was not some little devil hid within it, with a grotesque squint of his eyes, twist of his nose, and the exclamation, 'Oh, ho! have I caught you, Mr. Imp?'—making a snatch at the inside of his hat, grasping at something, opening his hand, finding nothing in it, and then crying with a stupid stare—'No, you see good folks, the devil of any devil is here!' Then again, when he returned to the stage, followed by an eager crowd, and in an imperious tone was ordered by his master to mount,—to see the comical jump he gave, alighting half upright, roaring with pretended pain, pressing his hip, declaring that he had put out his collar bone, crying to his master to come and cure it, receiving a kick, springing up and making a somerset; thanking his master kindly for making him well; yet, the moment his back was turned, mocking him with wry faces; answering the doctor, whom I should have thought extremely witty, if Andrew had not been there, with jokes so apposite and whimsical as never failed to produce roars of laughter. All this was to me assuredly, 'the feast of reason, and the flow of soul!' As it was the first scene of the kind I had ever witnessed, so it was the most extatic. I think it by no means improbable, that an ardent love of the dramatic art took root in my mind from the accidents of that day."

The parents of Mr. Holcroft were afterwards more prosperous, and a restlessness and enterprising disposition led the father to become by turns a collector and vender of rags, a hardwareman, a dealer in buckles, buttons, and pewter spoons, in short, a trafficker in whatever could bring gain. His principal dealing, however, was in pottery from Staffordshire, which he carried to all parts of the north of England. Young Holcroft's hardships in this employment are very feelingly described; he was employed to drive loaded jackasses when he was not eight years old, over heavy cross roads and wide moors in the depth of winter, while his father and mother were elsewhere engaged in the same difficult undertaking. The consequence was an asthma, which for some time afflicted him severely. Not long afterwards his father once more reverted to his trade of shoe-

making, and in pursuit of it carried his son to Nottingham, at the time of the race between the two celebrated horses Careless and Atlas. This circumstance, together with a strong love for horses, which he derived from his father, induced Holcroft to become a stable-boy at Newmarket.

Mr. Holcroft, referring to this part of his life, takes the opportunity of introducing a very cheerful and entertaining picture of the manners and business of the grooms at Newmarket; indeed it is wonderful that he is able to make amusing a subject so apparently unfruitful, but though he dwells long upon the subject the attention never flags, and his pictures are so true and lively, and his descriptions so fresh, that he makes even this low occupation seem enviable. This portion of his narrative is full of stories of horsemanship, and of Holcroft's rapid improvement in it, which soon made him one of his master's best riders. He omits, however, one incident, which as we heard it from his own lips, and soon after inserted it in a sort of register of relations of the kind, we will subjoin, nearly in his own words:—"When I was at Newmarket," (said he) "being but short and rather slight for my age, several of the boys in the stables used to hector over me and treat me as an inferior. I bore it with patience for some time, but at last one of them thought fit to throw a part of a pail of water over me; this roused instead of cooling my courage, and I immediately flew upon him, seized him by the throat, and threw him to the ground; several others interfered, and we were parted. Soon afterwards I found that my antagonist, (who did not relish again coming to open combat with me,) after I had cleaned out my stable at night, used to cover it with dung and dirt, and then secretly complained to my master that I had not minded my business. I, however, soon afterwards convicted him of the falsehood, and he was turned away, and for a long time could obtain no employment, so that he was reduced to much distress. In consequence of the compassion I felt from having often experienced want myself, I petitioned for his return to the stables, which was allowed, and the sense he entertained of my exertions to restore him was such, that he was afterwards very grateful, and did me many important favours, exerting all his power to serve me. I only mention this anecdote," (he added,) "to shew that to return good for evil is the best revenge for yourself and the person who has injured you."—This advice, so entertainingly illustrated, was addressed to his eldest son by his last wife.

For two years and a half Mr. Holcroft continued in this employment at Newmarket; and for some time previous "the

feature of his character which was to distinguish it at a later period of his life, namely, some few pretensions to literary acquirement, appeared to have lain dormant." The manner in which it was received, and in which he made a progress beyond the early rudiments, he relates in the following paragraph.

"Whether I had or had not begun to scrawl and imitate writing, or whether I was able to convey written intelligence concerning myself to my father for some months after I left him, I cannot say, but we were very careful not to lose sight of each other; and following his affection, as well as his love of change, in about half a year he came to Newmarket himself, where he at first procured work of the most ordinary kind at his trade. There was one among his shop-mates whom I well remember, for he was struck with me and I with him: he not only made shoes, but was a cock-feeder of some estimation; and what was to me much more interesting, he had read so much as to have made himself acquainted with the most popular English authors of that day. He even lent me books to read: among which were *Gulliver's Travels*, and the *Spectator*, both of which could not but be to me of the highest importance. I remember after I had read them, he asked me to consider and tell him which I liked best; I immediately replied, 'there was no need of consideration, I liked *Gulliver's Travels* ten times the best.' 'Aye,' said he, 'I would have laid my life on it, boys and young people always prefer the marvellous to the true.' I acquiesced in his judgment, which, however, only proved that neither he nor I understood *Gulliver*, though it afforded me infinite delight. The behaviour of my father, who being at work, was present at this and two or three other dialogues in which there was a kind of literary pretension, denoted the pride and exultation of his heart. He remarked, 'that many such boys as Tom were not to be found! It was odd enough! He knew not where Tom had picked it up, he had never had a brain for such thing; but God gave some gifts to some, and others to others, seeing He was very bountiful; but, if he guessed rightly, He had given Tom his share!' My father was not a little flattered to find that the cock-feeder was inclined to concur with him in opinion. I remember little else of my literary cock-feeder; yet the advantages I had gained from him in letting me know there were books like these, and introducing me, though but to a momentary view of Swift and Addison, were perhaps incalculable."

The first principles of music, a science of which he was so fond in after life, and of which his daughter is now a distinguished professor, he learnt from a Mr. Langham, a leather breeches maker, in the same town, and his perseverance soon enabled him to conquer many difficulties and to attain considerable excellence in the use and management of his voice; for though before he had reached his fifth year he had been

taught to play a little on the violin, he had completely lost all trace of his former knowledge. The portion of the work which is drawn up by Mr. Holcroft himself, terminates with his resolution to quit Newmarket for London, in order to worship fortune there among her numerous other votaries. We cannot dismiss this part of the first volume without expressing our admiration at the manner in which the story is told: added to the most unaffected simplicity, there is a perspicuousness, vigour, and vivacity, that give actual life and existence to the characters and scenes described, and a candour, a perfect openness, and an unreserve in the relation, that are particularly captivating—no attempt is made to gloss over unfavourable circumstances when they occur, (though that is but seldom, from the uprightness and integrity of the subject of the Memoir from his earliest childhood among a thousand countervailing circumstances,) but they are given as if they referred only to a third person, regarding whose character and conduct the writer felt little or no interest. In this respect the early part of the work under our eye, rivals the *Confessions* of Rousseau. Henceforward to its conclusion, the work is conducted by Mr. Hazlitt.

On coming to London Mr. Holcroft for some time worked with his father in a cobbler's stall, in South Audley Street, from whence he wrote several letters that were inserted in the Newspapers of the day. He soon grew weary of this drudgery, and was about to embark for the East Indies as a soldier, when a friend recommended the stage as the preferable alternative, and offered to introduce him to Macklin, who ultimately engaged him at 30s. a week as actor and prompter. With six guineas advanced to him by his new patron, he was enabled to reach Dublin, which was to be the scene of his *débüt*. His situation and duties, however, by no means answered his hopes, and at the end of five months he went to Mossop's rival theatre, but did not succeed in obtaining any money from that distressed manager. With just sufficient to pay his passage he sailed for England,* and having travelled 160 miles on foot, almost

* In consequence of the ignorance of the captain of the packet eight days were occupied in the voyage, and the passengers were much distressed for provisions. Among those who had laid in the smallest stock was the family of D———, a member of which is now one of our most distinguished actresses. As Holcroft had been a little more provident, though with far less means, he shared his basket with Mr. D——— and his children, who expressed themselves under many obligations. After the safe arrival of the crew, however, that gentleman did not think fit to shew even the slightest mark of thankfulness, or to make even a fair compensation to Holcroft, who landed with only five shillings in the world. This circumstance was mentioned to us by Mr. Holcroft, not in the spirit of anger, but as a trait in human nature: we insert it because it is not to be found in the volume before us.

without food, he arrived at Hereford, and joined the company then led by the father of the celebrated family of the Kembles. Miss Kemble, (now Mrs. Siddons,) who came out in London as early as 1778, made her first attempt while Mr. Holcroft belonged to this set of comedians. He quitted it for that of Stanton. His success was inconsiderable, but, notwithstanding, he wrote a letter to Garrick, requesting employment in London, which was never answered. Holcroft at this time had been twice married, and in great distress, accepted a place in Booth's strolling company, with a stipend of 17*s.* or 18*s.* per week, for which he was to perform the parts of all the old men and low comedy characters; to accompany all the songs, for he had learnt to play a little on the violin; to teach the performers singing and music; to write out the different parts, and to furnish several new pieces in his possession in MS. among which was "Dr. Last in his Chariot," the performance of which character by him was a very ludicrous caricature. Mrs. Sparks of Drury Lane, and Mr. P——, proprietor of the M—— C—— newspaper,* were both engaged in this concern at the same period.

For seven years Mr. Holcroft pursued this vagrant kind of life, and determined to return to London just at the time when Mr. Sheridan became manager of Drury Lane. He obtained from that gentleman an insignificant engagement, scarcely producing him 60*l.* a year; in his own words he was "depressed, dejected, chained by misfortune to the rock of despair, while the vultures of poverty and disappointment were feeding with increase of appetite upon him." He now wrote an afterpiece called "the Crisis, or Love and Famine," but it does not appear that its success equalled the author's wants. In the year following he prepared the "Shepherdess of the Alps," and "the Maid of the Vale," and published an elegy on the death of Foote, and a poem on old age. After various experiments he took a house in one of the streets near Holborn, and let it out in lodgings, where he wrote his first novel, called "Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian," into which many incidents of his own life are admitted. The mode in which it was received

* The liberality of Mr. Holcroft's religious tenets did not at all accord with the severity of the Scottish creed, in which Mr. P. had been educated. Strong contests sometimes took place between these "tongue doughty" antagonists on this subject, which did not always end harmoniously: one of these discussions was carried on with such zeal on both sides, that it led to the employment of language by one of the parties which was resented by the other: a duel was the consequence, but no personal injury was sustained. This singular incident, with the particulars of which we are not acquainted, is only hinted at in these Memoirs; a dispute between Mr. H. and Mr. P. is noticed, but neither its cause nor result are mentioned.

by the town induced him to commence systematic authorship, and he wrote for the booksellers an account of the riots in 1780. In the year succeeding, his first comedy, "Duplicity," was performed at Covent Garden with great applause, but several circumstances prevented it from being very productive. Soon afterwards he relinquished his engagements as an actor, and as his ambition was to write elegant comedy, (a department of the drama for which his education as a pedlar, a cobbler, a jockey, and a strolling player, did not very well qualify him,) he wished to go abroad to study foreign manners, and for this purpose endeavoured in vain to obtain admission into the suite of the English Ambassador to France. About this period he lost his second wife, and in 1783 he set off for the French capital, paying his expenses by dispatches of intelligence to the newspapers, and translations for the booksellers. At Paris he became acquainted with Mercier and Bonneville, but returned on account of deficient finances, in 1774, when a new opera by him, called "the Noble Peasant," was played at the Hay-market with great applause. It was soon followed by "the Cholerick Fathers," and by an alteration of Beaumarchais' Figaro, under the title of "the Follies of a Day," the last of which still retains its station. It is singular that on the first night Mr. Holcroft consented to play the part of Figaro, in the absence of the actor to whom it had been assigned. While in France he had written a tragedy, entitled "Ellen, or the Fatal Cave," the heroine of which he hoped to see personated by Mrs. Siddons, then in her zenith, but what became of it does not appear. "Seduction," a comedy, was written in 1787, and two years afterwards he finished his translation of the works of the king of Prussia, and of the Essays of Lavater. "The German Hotel" was performed in 1790, and the "School for Arrogance," in 1791: "the Road to Ruin," one of the most popular plays ever brought upon the stage, was acted not long afterwards. Of all or most of these pieces Mr. Hazlitt gives a sort of abstract and criticism, and though we often think them too lengthy, and now and then ill-timed, they are in general most judicious and acute, and shew a clear and penetrating understanding.

Perhaps the most painful and dreadful incident in the life of Mr. Holcroft, not excepting even the deaths of three wives, the last in 1790, is detailed in the following manner. It is introduced by some objection to the too indulgent conduct of Mr. Holcroft towards his eldest son, William.

"Be this as it may, he was a boy of extraordinary capacity, and Mr. Holcroft thought no pains should be spared for his instruc-

tion and improvement. From the first, however, he had shewn an unsettled disposition, and his propensity to ramble was such from his childhood, that when he was only four years old, and under the care of an aunt at Nottingham, he wandered away to a place at some distance, where there was a coffee-house, into which he went, and read the newspapers to the company, by whom he was taken care of, and sent home. This propensity was so strong in him, that it became habitual, and he had run away six or seven times before the last. Once, for instance, in 1786, when he was about thirteen, he had taken a little mare which belonged to his father, and went to Northampton, where he was discovered by some respectable persons in the place, and word being sent to Mr. Holcroft, he went down and brought him home with him. On Sunday, November 8th, 1789, he brought his father a short poem; a watch which had been promised as a reward, was given him; his father conversed with him in the most affectionate manner, praised, encouraged, and told him, that notwithstanding his former errors and wanderings, he was convinced that he would become a good and excellent man. But he observed, when taking him by the hand to express his kindness, that the hand of the youth, instead of returning the pressure as usual, remained cold and insensible. This, however, at the moment was supposed to be accidental. He seemed unembarrassed, cheerful, and asked leave, without any appearance of design or hesitation, to dine with a friend in the city, which was immediately granted. He thanked his father, went down stairs, and several times anxiously enquired whether his father were gone to dress. As soon as he was told that he had left his room, he went up stairs again, broke open a drawer, and took out forty pounds. With this, the watch, a pocket-book, and a pair of pistols of his father's, he hastened away to join one of his acquaintance, who was going to the West Indies. The name of this young person was G——. He was immediately pursued to Gravesend, but ineffectually. It was not discovered till the following Wednesday, that he had taken the money. After several days of the most distressing inquietude, there appeared strong presumptive proofs that he, with his acquaintance, was on board the *Fame*, Captain Carr, then lying in the Downs. The father and a friend immediately set off, and travelled post all Sunday night to Deal. Their information proved true, for he was found to be on board the *Fame*, where he assumed a false name, though his true situation was known to the Captain. He had spent all the money except 15*l.* in paying for his passage, and purchasing what he thought he wanted. He had declared he would shoot any person who came to take him, but that if his father came he would shoot himself. His youth, for he was but sixteen, made the threat appear incredible. The pistols, pocket-book, and remaining money, were locked up in safety for him by his acquaintance. But he had another pair of pistols concealed. Mr. Holcroft and his friend went on board, made enquiries, and understood he

was there. He had retired into a dark part of the steerage. When he was called and did not answer, a light was sent for, and as he heard the ship's steward, some of the sailors, and his father approaching, conscious of what he had done, and unable to bear the presence of his father, and the open shame of detection, he suddenly put an end to his existence.

"The shock which Mr. Holcroft received was almost mortal. For three days he could not see his own family, and nothing but the love he bore that family could probably have prevented him from sinking under his affliction. He seldom went out of his house for a whole year afterwards: and the impression was never completely effaced from his mind.

The particulars to which we have hitherto referred occupy three books, or general divisions of these Memoirs; the fourth represents Mr. Holcroft as acting in a very different and more ostensible sphere. The French Revolution was now at its height, and Mr. Holcroft looking too much at the end and too little at the means, augured results most favourable to human improvement. At the same time he was a determined enemy to all measures of violence, and so far felt disgusted at the conduct of some of the pretended friends of liberty: he held that truth and justice ought to triumph by their own strength, not by the hands of ambitious assassins. To enforce this maxim he published "*Anna St. Ives*," which is properly held to be his best novel, and of which not all are aware of the political tendency: the hero and heroine, as Mr. Hazlit observes, "are the organs through which the voice of truth and reason are to breathe, and whose every action is to be inspired by the pure love of justice." In 1794 and 1797 "*Hugh Trevor*" was completed, and may be said to be *en suite* with "*Anna St. Ives*," inasmuch as the object is to shew the vices and distresses occasioned by the evils of existing institutions. In the mean time, however, the author had been placed in the most arduous situations, for, having entered as a member of the Society for Constitutional Information in 1792, he became afterwards an object of suspicion with the existing government. The state of society in Great Britain about the eventful year 1793-4 is thus well described by the biographer.

"Men even of respectable characters and honest intentions now thought it an heroic act of duty, to watch the conduct of their intimate friends, excite them to utter violent or seditious expressions, and afterwards to turn informers against the intemperance they had provoked. To avoid giving any opinion was impossible. Language the most outrageous was employed to make those who were in the least suspected declare their creed; and if it were not entirely accommodating, the peaceable citizen, after being en-

trapped, was insulted, and turned, or frequently kicked, out of tap-rooms, coffee-houses, and public places. The impotence of the obnoxious party was every where demonstrated; yet the outcry of alarm increased. Church-and-king-mobs were proved, in courts of justice, to have been encouraged by the very men whose office it was to keep the peace: while no insurrection, or shade of insurrection, appeared on the part of the people, wishing for reform. In the same spirit, printers and booksellers all over the kingdom were hunted out for prosecution; and the tempest of insurrection and anarchy was so confidently affirmed to be rising and raging, that the House of Commons voted the suspension of the Habeas Corpus bill, on the ground that dangerous and treasonable conspiracies did actually exist."

Several other members of the society having been arrested, Mr. Holcroft heard with astonishment that a warrant had been issued against himself, and unconscious of any principles, much less of any actions, that could be distorted into treason, in a manner that disarmed and dismayed his opponents, he surrendered himself to Lord C. J. Eyre. Into the particulars of the trials of 1794, with which our readers are so well acquainted, we need not enter: nearly all men but Mr. Windham, admitted that the acquittal was most honourable. Mr. Holcroft may now be said to have reached the climax of his life and prosperity; henceforward political animosities continued to injure his health and his circumstances. "*Love's Frailties*," and some other pieces for the stage, were coldly received or wholly condemned, in consequence of supposed party allusions, and "*the Deserted Daughter*," a serious comedy, was the first that met with success. In 1798, when inflamed zeal, like dry straw, had somewhat burnt itself out, "*He's much to blame*" was brought out at Covent Garden, with the utmost applause, but in order to secure it Mr. Holcroft was obliged to mask the piece under the name of a friend: others which followed, not so disguised, were discountenanced or rejected by the audiences. About this time his affairs became much embarrassed, partly by unforeseen literary failures, and partly by a wild and vain project in which he embarked a large sum, for multiplying exact copies of original pictures. Mr. Holcroft contemplated a sale of the paintings and books he had collected, for the purpose of paying his debts and enabling him to go abroad. For the two years preceding this event, the narrative is filled up with great particularity from a diary kept by Mr. Holcroft, which contains a simple and interesting display of the thoughts, feelings, and habits of the writer, besides many amusing anecdotes of persons of note with whom he associated. We lament that our limits only allow us to insert the subsequent specimen, exposing the prac-

tice of the "Lion's Jackall," to obtain matter for his life of Johnson.

"Lowe had requested Johnson to write him a letter, which Johnson did, and Boswell came in, while it was writing. His attention was immediately fixed, Lowe took the letter, retired, and was followed by Boswell. 'Nothing,' said Lowe, 'could surprise me more. Till that moment he had so entirely overlooked me, that I did not imagine he knew there was such a creature in existence; and he now accosted me with the most overstrained and insinuating compliments possible.' 'How do you do, Mr. Lowe? I hope you are very well, Mr. Lowe. Pardon my freedom, Mr. Lowe, but I think I saw my dear friend Dr. Johnson writing a letter for you.'—'Yes, Sir'—'I hope you will not think me rude, but if it will not be too great a favour, you would infinitely oblige me, if you would just let me have a sight of it. Every thing from that hand, you know, is so inestimable.'—'Sir, it is on my own private affairs, but,'—'I would not pry into a person's affairs, my dear Mr. Lowe, by any means. I am sure you would not accuse me of such a thing, only if it were no particular secret.'—'Sir, you are welcome to read the letter.'—'I thank you, my dear Mr. Lowe, you are very obliging, I take it exceedingly kind.' (Having read) 'It is nothing, I believe, Mr. Lowe, that you would be ashamed of.'—'Certainly not.'—'Why then, my dear Sir, if you would do me another favour, you make the obligation eternal. If you would but step to Peele's coffee-house with me, and just suffer me to take a copy of it, I would do any thing in my power to oblige you.'—'I was overcome,' said Lowe, 'by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the coffee-house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon as he had put his document in his pocket, Mr. Boswell walked away, as erect and as proud as he was half an hour before, and I ever afterward was unnoticed. Nay, I am not certain,' added he, sarcastically, 'whether the Scotchman did not leave me, poor as he knew I was, to pay for my own dish of coffee.'"

Shortly before the commencement of his difficulties Mr. Holcroft married his fourth wife, Louisa, the daughter of his old friend Mercier. After sitting to Opie for his picture, (from which, the engraving to the first of these volumes is, we believe, copied,) he went to the continent, and at Hamburg met with an alarming accident: he was bathing his feet, and, as had been recommended, was about to pour a little aquafortis into the hot water, when the bottle burst, and his face was covered with the corrosive liquid; but for his spectacles his sight must have been destroyed; his wife and child had fortunately just left his side. It was sometime before he recovered, and his face ever afterwards bore deep scarifications. He resided two years in the French capital, returned to England in 1803, and

published the result of his travels, for which he received 1500*l*. This work is written with great facility, and communicates without restraint or effort the exact impressions made by objects on the writer. We can bear testimony to the very amusing and just view he gives of the habits and manners of the natives of Paris at that period. While abroad, and after his return, Mr. Holcroft brought out five dramatic pieces—"Deaf and Dumb" and "the Escapes," both partially translated, "Hear both Sides," "the Tale of Mystery,"* and "the Vindictive Man." Only the last was condemned, but at a time when success was of the greatest importance to the author. At the representation we were ourselves present, and cannot help allowing that the audience was in the right; the story wanted probability, for the vindictive man was made to prosecute revenge after a lapse of thirty or forty years, for a casual blow given him at school by a play-mate. In the play, however, there was much nervous writing, nor could it be said that on the whole it betrayed any decline of talent in the author. Subsequent to 1803, his prolific pen produced "the Theatrical Recorder," in two volumes, "Tales in verse," principally extracted from the "Wits' Magazine," to which Mr. Holcroft had very early contributed, and a novel called "Bryan Perdue," which obtained some celebrity. He had also several MSS. in hand, but health would not second his industry to relieve his embarrassments; besides violent spasms he was at this time again afflicted with an asthma, and in the beginning of 1809 he was scarcely able to move from one apartment to another.† He died on the 23d March, 1809, aged 63, principally, according to the report of Dr. Buchan and Mr. Carlisle, from the ossification of the aorta, and other arteries immediately contiguous to the heart; his liver was also diseased, and two quarts of dropsical water were found in the cavities of the thorax. We subjoin the account given by Mr. Hazlitt of Mr. Holcroft's last moments.

* Mr. Holcroft has frequently told us, and truly, that he first introduced melo-dramas, (of which class is "the Tale of Mystery,") into England. He did not pretend to any originality, because he had frequently witnessed their representation abroad.

† Mr. Hazlitt has omitted to mention several excursions made to watering places by Mr. Holcroft, on medical recommendation, for the benefit of his health. We saw him at Margate in the summer of 1808, suffering with patient fortitude under distresses both of body and mind. Nothing could be more painful than to witness his forced cheerfulness, while his disease was actually augmented by the consciousness that he was spending the money of which his family was in such need; but as the subsistence of that family depended upon his health and personal exertions, the disbursement was unavoidable.

"There was not the shortest interval in which he was not in complete possession of himself. The only slight indication to the contrary was that he once said to the Colonel, 'I have great difficulty sometimes in rousing my mind; therefore, if at any time I stop in speaking to you, do you remember my last word, and join it to the next that I shall afterwards say to you.' This, however, rather implied his strong efforts to preserve his intellects, than the failure of them. His stopping at any time in the midst of a sentence appeared to be always owing to the difficulty of articulation, rather than the loss of memory. When he was so far gone, that it was difficult to understand him, he desired those who were with him to repeat his words, that he might be sure they were heard, and then nodded assent.

"On Sunday he expressed a wish to see Mr. Godwin, but when he came, his feelings were overpowered. He could not converse, and only pressed his hand to his bosom, and said, 'My dear, dear friend!' On Monday he again wished to see Godwin, and all his friends that could be sent to: but he had not strength sufficient to hold a conversation: he could only take an affectionate leave, and then he said he had nothing more to do in this world. He afterwards frequently spoke, or moved his lips, as taking a most affectionate leave. A little before he died, he called for wine, and refused it from every hand that held it to him, till his eldest daughter took it into hers, he then bowed his head to her, and drank it; thus, in some way or other, shewing signs of regard to all, till his last moments approached. Hearing a noise of children on the stairs, he said to his wife, 'Are those *your* children, Louisa?' as if he was already disengaged from human ties. On Thursday night, about half-past eleven, he seemed in great pain, and said to Mrs. Holcroft, '*How tedious*, My affections are strong.' It was thought from this that it would be a relief to his feelings, that they should retire: they all went into the next room, Colonel Harwood still keeping his eye upon him; but seeing his struggles increase, and being desirous to spare his wife and daughter a sight they could not have borne, he returned into the bed-room, and gradually shut and fastened the doors, which Mr. Holcroft observing, shewed evident signs of satisfaction. And seeming then easier, he smiled, and fixing his eyes on his friend, took them no more from him, till they were closed for ever.—Thus died a great and good man, who shewed in the last and most trying scene of all, the same firmness of mind, and warmth of affection, which had distinguished him through life."

The last half of the third volume is composed of letters to and from Mr. Holcroft, which we think might more fitly have been introduced in the course of the narration.

Mr. Hazlitt in no part of the work endeavours to draw a character of Holcroft, and perhaps it is better collected from his works and the facts detailed.—That he was a man of first

rate genius we will not say, but that he was a man of very extraordinary talents his greatest opponents will not deny. His numerous productions, (none of which, though often written to relieve pressing wants, are without considerable merit,) speak for themselves. It would be difficult to find any author who has done so much, who has done so little deserving censure or neglect: all his writings have the best tendency, and truth, justice, and morality, are recommended with an eloquence worthy of the themes. The greatest faults in his works were not occasioned by the deficiencies of his head, but by the necessities of his family: the "original sin of poverty" sometimes made him less original than he would have been, if his feelings had allowed him more time to reflect.

But above all Mr. Holcroft is to be admired as a man of unblemished integrity: as he inculcated it in his writings, so he practised it in his conduct; he defied what some have called "the common enemy of virtue," and through want, neglect, and persecution, steadily pursued his great objects, the extension of human knowledge, and the consequent promotion of human happiness. Rising from the lowest origin, he lived "to build, not boast, a noble name:" his fortitude never forsook him; but, as Sir P. Sidney expresses it, he was "a noble heart, which like the sun, shewed his greatest countenance in his lowest estate."

"Here may ye see how well that gentry
Is not annexed to possession—
For, God it wot, men may full often finde
A Lordes sonne done shame and villany—
He is not gentil be he Duke or Erle;
Fye, villanjes sinfull deedes do make a cherle!" (Chaucer.)

ART. II.—*Essai sur la Literature Espagnole.* A Paris. Chez Charles Barrois. 8vo. Pp. 193.

PERHAPS there are few circumstances connected with human passion and infirmity by which literature has been more impeded than by the partialities and prejudices which lead us to contemplate our own country as the only or the principal theatre of taste and knowledge, and to consider foreign nations in a state of comparative darkness and barbarism. It was this lamentable weakness and ignorance that conduced to render Rome as much inferior to the republics of Greece in arts as she was superior in arms; and when the former in the loftiness of her pride conquered her more polished enemy, she was forced

to condescend to the humiliating situation of deriving all that was sublime in philosophy, profound in science, and splendid in execution, from the prostrate victim of her power. What Rome accomplished was by brute strength; what Greece achieved was by divine thought; and the glory of the vanquished is as much more effulgent than that of the victor, as mind is of greater dignity and excellence than matter, or the intellectual than the natural world.

This defect of feeling or redundancy of passion, be it which it may, is more observable in Great Britain than in most other nations of Europe; and the question may deserve the attention of the moral and political inquirer, whether this circumstance be rather to be attributed to our insular situation, than to other causes connected with the peculiar nature of the government, and the singular character of the people? The probability seems to be, that all of them have co-operated in their several proportions to suppress the inquisitive spirit as to exotic subjects; yet with every possible allowance, it will appear extraordinary that the particular department of literature to which this article is directed, is almost in total obscurity among us.

The time has been when Spanish learning was highly appreciated. The connection of Charles the Fifth of Germany with the throne of Spain, in his reign rendered the language of that country familiar at the Courts of Vienna, Naples, Bavaria, Brussels, and Milan; and political circumstances contributed to its general introduction into France, so that at the time of the marriage of Louis the Thirteenth with the daughter of Philip the Third, it was so fashionable at Paris, that it was disgraceful to be unacquainted with it. The taste became general for Spanish manners and Spanish poetry, and the greater portion of the comedies acted in the French capital were imitations of those performed at Madrid. Even the *Cid* of Corneille, that magnificent production of human genius, was copied either from *El Honrador de su Padre*, or the *Cid* of Decastro; and Voltaire himself admits, that all the tender and generous sentiments in the French production are to be found in these two originals.

How far Spain was deserving of the exalted rank she obtained at the period to which we have alluded, will more fully appear in the course of the present examination.

The plan of this work may be briefly stated; it commences with some preliminary remarks with regard to the Spanish language, adverting first to the Latin poets of Spain, which laid the foundation, and to the Arabians and Troubadours, who assisted in the superstructure. It then follows the history of

the productions of Spain through successive centuries or epochas, distinguishing the prominent writers from the rise to the decline of literature.

“ L’Espagne (says the author) après l’invasion des Romains, devint insensiblement la patrie des muses. Caius Julius Hyginus, affranchi d’Auguste, et suivant Suétone, Espagnol de naissance, étoit l’intime ami d’Ovide, à l’exemple de quel, il a composé plusieurs petits pœms sur la mythologie & l’astronomie. Dans le même tems vivoit Sentilius Hena, à qui Seneca reproche d’être inegal a excès, & de tomber dans l’enflure, & le galimathias propre aux Poëtes de Cordove.”

Cicero himself remarks on their style, calling it *pinguem et peregrinum*. This town also gave birth to the two Senecas and Lucan. Martial, who was of Calatayud, flourished under Domitian, and he mentions in his Epigrams Licianus, Unicus, Canius, and Decianus.

From that time to the reign of Constantine we have very few Spanish writers of eminence ; but Latinus Pacatus, in his panegyric on the Emperor Theodosius, who was himself a native of Spain, says of the country that it produced great warriors, eloquent orators, and excellent poets. The fifth century was remarkable for the irruption of the Goths ; but ferocious as they were, to them alone was not to be attributed the utter annihilation of that taste which with the Latin language was introduced into the country : another cause existed, superstition united with Vandalism, to thicken the darkness in which the human mind was enveloped.

The invasion by the Saracens in the eighth century, produced a double revolution in the government of the state and the minds of the people.

“ Avec leurs arts & leurs sciences, les Arabes y introduisirent des images nouvelles. La poésie s’enrichit de leur expression élevée ; de leur métaphore hardie ; & ne craignit plus de s’envelopper du voile brillant de la fiction.”

Our author disposes in a moment of a question on which antiquarians have been long and laboriously engaged.—“ Il seroit superflu, je crois,” he says, “ d’aller rechercher l’origine éloignée de la poésie moderne dans les chants des Bardes & des Scaldes du nord ; les fictions runiques pâlissent & disparaissent des qu’on leur compare la richesse & l’ascendant de la langue des Arabes.” The author continues—

“ Soumises par les forces des armes, les provinces meridionales d’Espagne reçurent avec le joug des Sarrasins, leurs lois & leurs

usages. Par une langue possession du pays, les vainqueurs y introduisirent de même leur langue, leur religion, & leur littérature. Le style poétique des orientaux pénétra dans tous les esprits ; le génie abondant de leurs compositions devint universel, & accéléra la chute de la poésie Romaine."

So general had become the Arabian language at the time of which we are speaking, that Alvaro of Cordova complains that of a thousand Spaniards it would be difficult to find one who could correspond in Latin. While the Castilian warriors immortalized their names by gallant exploits to preserve a small portion of their territory from encroachment, the Arabians dilating on the achievements of Muça, of Tarif, of Malek-Alabès, on the beauty of Fatima, and the misfortunes of the Abencerrages, furnished a long catalogue of poets. The art was not confined to the grosser sex, many females of Andalusia cultivated it with success, and the most distinguished of them all, Maria Alfaisuti, the Sappho of Saville, had to encounter many fair competitors. The origin of the modern Spanish is thus explained:—

" Jusq' ici nous avons vu quatre peuples (les Romains, les Goths, les Juifs, & les Arabes) dont le séjour dut nécessairement laisser des traces dans l'esprit, comme dans les mœurs des Espagnols. C'est de la combinaison de ces divers élémens que s'est formé leur caractère & leur langue. Pendant le laborieuse développement de leur enfance, une autre classe d'étrangers appelés en Espagne, y apporta avec des expressions nouvelles, un art de les rassembler, d'ont la langue naissant fit son profit."

The author then introduces the Troubadours; but in the sequel he justly tells us that the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, which united the two crowns of Arragon and Castille, was fatal to the poetry of these gallant adventurers. The Arragonese, in which their poems were principally written, fell into disuse when the Castilian became the language of the court. It was true that Miguel Perez and Juan de Verdancha made a final effort to introduce the Castilian measure into their productions, but it failed. Juan de Martorel was more fortunate a hundred years afterwards; the History of Tyran le Blanc obtained an extensive circulation in several languages. But an important event occurred which introduced a new era in composition.

" A la fin du quinzième siècle, la découverte d'un nouveau monde, ajouta une telle splendeur aux armes de Castille, & donna une telle dignité à sa langue, que le muse de ce royaume éclipsa toutes celles qui, auparavant, avoient pu soutenir la rivalité. Les

exploits inouis des conquerans de l'Amerique captivèrent l'attention universelle ; de nouvelles passions s'élevèrent ; on eut dit que la nation se réveilloit en soursant d'un long assoupissement, & parmi les grands événemens qui remplirent cette époque, le chant efféminé des Troubadours n'eut plus le force de se faire entendre."

Before he quits the Troubadours, the author pays a fit tribute of respect to the Marquis de Villenu, who was the master of this school. Our essayist is guilty of an anacronism in stating, that Villena preceded Chaucer—they were contemporaries; the latter died in 1400, and the former in 1434. There is a resemblance in the history of these eminent persons ; both were the reformers of the language and the poetry of their respective nations, and both fled from the bustle of active life into the quietude of retirement. The peculiar and affecting story of Macias, a squire of the Marquis, would apologize for our notice of him in this place even if he were not a poet. This youth was perhaps more celebrated for his misfortunes than for his talents. He fell in love with one of the maids of honour of the establishment of the Marquis, and he suffered the vexation of seeing her hand conferred on a gentleman of the kingdom of Jaen. This circumstance was unhappily no bar to the mutual understanding of the lovers. The husband complained—the Marquis remonstrated ; all was ineffectual, and the passion of Macias became so unmanageable, that it was deemed necessary to confine him. From his cage he vented his complaints ; his love-songs in honour of his mistress were heard ; these were repeated to the indignant husband : he snatched his lance, mounted his steed, and appeared beneath the walls of the prison, when the poet, inattentive to what was passing without, was pronouncing with a sigh the name of the wife. Jealousy increased to madness, the enraged Cavalier thrust the weapon of death between the bars of the window, and pierced the heart of Macias.

The second chapter, which treats of the first epoch of Spanish literature, commences with the following remark on the state of the language at that period:—

" La muse Castillane fit ses premiers essais dans un tems ou le langage étoit grossier, ou l'oreille, peu faite à des tons mélodieux, étoit aussi inhabile à sentir le rythme des anciens, que l'art à l'imiter."

The most ancient monument of Spanish poetry is said to be a recital in verse of the adventures of the famous Don Rui Diaz

de Vivar, commonly called *El Cid Campeador*.* It contains the order of banishment communicated to the Cid by Alphonso the Sixth, his departure from Vivar, his journey by Burgos, his subsequent adventures and achievements, and his ultimate reconciliation with his sovereign. The work is written in the simplest style, and no rule is preserved in the final syllables of the lines either of identity or similarity of sound.† There are doubts about the date to be assigned to it, but it must be ascribed to the twelfth century. The hero is said to have died in the last year of the eleventh.

Gonzalo Berceo was the first Castilian poet, and to him some are disposed to attribute the famous production called *Alexandro*, which would make him probably contemporary with the unknown author of the *Cid*, the *Alexandro* being prior to A. D. 1200. The little taste that existed for the native poetry at this early period, may be collected from an apology the author makes for not writing in Latin.

The thirteenth century was distinguished by one of the most extraordinary characters of the age, Alphonso the Tenth, or the Wise. It was no longer a disgrace to write in the vernacular tongue; and he, like our Edward the Third, ordered that all judicial proceedings should be conducted and all acts published in the language of the country. The law of the *Siete Partidas* was improved under his hand, and was divided into seven parts, to correspond with the letters of his name (Alfonso.) The principal collection of his works is in the library of Toledo. His cousin, D. Juan Manuel, was also a poet, and somewhat more correct in his style. These were followed by D. Juan Ruys, a priest and a satyrist, who had been called the Spanish *Petronius*. Pedro Lopez de Ayala, the translator of *Livy* and of *Bœtius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, we must not omit to notice; yet this writer, and the others of the same period, are excluded from the catalogue prefixed to the Dictionary of the Spanish Academy; and it is remarkable that the compilers do not mention a single poet of the fourteenth century. Father Sarmiento calls this the age of *Chronicles*, on account of the number of narratives of that description belonging to the time supplying the most valuable materials of authentic history.

* The term *Cid* is Moorish, and denotes Lord or Chief. *Campeador* is from *campo*, or field—field of battle.

† There is a delicacy of ear which the southern nations possess that imparts a remarkable latitude to the termination of their verses at the early periods, and in Spanish it is continued to the present time. We should find a difficulty of catching the similarity of some of the *asonancias*, such as *inutil*, *burle*—*Venus*, *Lemno*, &c.

The second epoch of Spanish literature commences with the year 1407, when John the Second, son of Henry the Third, ascended the throne, and who was a much better poet than politician; and in the middle of this reign it was that the Marquis de Villena flourished, to whom we have before adverted. Among the earliest of this time we have Perez de Guzman, whose productions are introduced into the collection called the *Canzionario Espanol*. Like his predecessor Ruys, he was both historian and poet; but for the universality of his genius, we may distinguish Don Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana, who was a soldier, a statesman, a philosopher, and a lover of the muses. His principal work is his *Proverbios*, comprehending the most valuable instructions in morals and policy. The harmony of his numbers is much admired; he adopted Dante as his model, and had so many imitators, that they constitute a distinct class in Spanish literature, receiving the appellation of *Dantistas*.

Juan de Mena de Cordova is a distinguished ornament of the same epoch. His poem *El Laberinto* introduced into the language an elevation of style not before familiar to it. He was a great favourite with John the Second, who altered, our author politely says *corrected*, with his own hand some of the works of this poet. The *Laberinto* is divided into seven parts, according to the number of planets then known. The author imagines himself to be transported into an immense plain, on which is erected the Palace of Fortune. Here he meets the Supreme Being under the semblance of a beautiful virgin, who exhibits to him the present, the past, and the future; the first in a circle in continued action, the others in circles, motionless. With the assistance of this simple machinery, a vast field of history is displayed.

To the same date may be referred letters printed at Burgos, throwing considerable light on the characters and manners of the age; but these are indifferently ascribed to Fernan Gomez, and Fernand de Pulgar. In *Don Quixote* they are called *Coplas de Mingo Rebulgo*. The expedition to Jerusalem of Juan de Encina, is both forcible and harmonious; and the *Elegies* and *Fugitive Pieces* of Jorje Manrique display much grace and ingenuity. The latter of these introduced a more natural system of versification—the former shewed that the language in which he wrote was adapted to all the departments of the drama; and both were the fit harbingers of those extraordinary men by whom the succeeding age of Spanish literature was adorned.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. III.—*A Compendium of Medical Practice, illustrated by interesting and instructive Cases, and by Practical, Pathological, and Physiological, Observations.* By JAMES BEDINGFIELD, Surgeon, late Apothecary to the British Infirmary. Highley and Son. London, 1816. Royal 8vo. Pp. 309.

IT has been a very frequent complaint, that the medical officers attached to the numerous institutions established in this country for the relief of the indigent sick, have not contributed so largely to the general fund of information as the public might reasonably expect they should, in consideration of the excellent opportunities for observation which they enjoy. But really the charge appears to be captious and unfounded: the cavillers surely forget how many of our best writers and most skilful practitioners have been formed in these charitable institutions, and do not enough consider the advantages which, in this and various other ways, accrue from them to the community by which they are supported. Perhaps indeed, were it possible to realize the project of an ingenious enthusiast, viz. the establishment of a central committee for the reception and digestion of medical reports from all the hospitals in the country, something yet more magnificent might be accomplished. In the mean time, we shall be well contented to receive the voluntary contributions of gentlemen who, from their situations, have been enabled to collect any information which they may deem worthy of being presented to the public. Of this nature is the volume now before us, which professes to be an epitome of the medical practice in the Bristol Infirmary during the last five years; and which the author hopes may prove useful to the junior members of the profession, by pointing out the most efficacious remedies for the several forms of disease which they will have to encounter.

The work is divided into eight sections, in which the author treats respectively of diseases of the brain, those of the fauces and thoracic viscera, of the heart, of the abdominal viscera, of the pelvic viscera, affections of the spine, fevers, and general affections; interspersing here and there physiological disquisitions and conjectures not the most profound, and illustrating many of the subjects by apposite cases. In our opinion, he has erred by taking too wide an aim, and has fallen short of the praise which he might have deserved by more moderate pretensions. As an elementary work on the practice of medicine, this is extremely defective; if read, however, by way of commentary on more perfect systems, it may certainly have its

use; for the practice here inculcated, both by precept and example, is of that simple and active sort which recent experience has proved to be the most salutary, and which is happily growing more and more into favour the more its merits become known. Had the author confined himself to the production of a volume of 'cases and observations,' his labours would have been perhaps more creditable to himself, and not at all less useful to the world.

Before advertng to the practical part of the work, we must briefly consider some of the physiological speculations which obtrude themselves upon our notice. In the chapter on the functions of the brain, Mr. B. betrays his little acquaintance with the opinions of preceding physiologists, by confessing that at the time of writing it, he had neither heard nor read that the brain had been regarded as a glandular organ; had consequently never heard any thing about a nervous fluid. It would therefore be not a little mortifying (or should we rather say flattering?) to him to find himself anticipated in the conclusions at which, by the mere force of his own genius, he had arrived:—

"That the office of the brain is to convert a portion of the blood sent to it into a fluid, in which the *living principle* essentially resides; that this fluid is distributed by the nerves to every part of the body, and that it forms the connecting medium between the soul and the body."

In support of his opinion he endeavours to shew, first, "that the brain is a gland, because it is the most vascular of all organs," and "glands are the most vascular organs in the body." Secondly, that it converts the blood into a peculiar fluid, which must necessarily be the case, since all the other glands of the body do so. Having thus satisfactorily shewn that the brain is a gland, and that it secretes a peculiar fluid, it remains, in the third place, to explain the nature and properties of this fluid.

"It probably is the most subtle of all fluids. In many of its properties it resembles electric matter; its essential difference seems to consist in its being endowed with the principle of vitality." "That this fluid possesses the principle of vitality, is evidenced by the effects of electricity upon an animal recently killed. So long as any of it remains, the muscles will be thrown into violent contractions; upon its exhaustion or destruction, the further application of electric stimulus produces no sensible effect, although the nerves remain in their structure unimpaired."

Before our author could justly draw any such inference from

the fact, it was incumbent on him to have shewn, that muscular contraction is owing to the presence of a fluid conveyed by the nerves into the muscles. This would be no easy task; on the contrary, there are reasons for believing that the influence communicated by the nerves to the muscles, like the electric stimulus, *excites* rather than *supports* their contractions. But his reasoning throughout is loose and fallacious.

When treating of the functions of the pulmonary artery, Mr. B. imagines himself to have made another discovery.

"That blood is formed from chyle (he says) is universally admitted; but as to the peculiar mode in which the change is effected, or by what organ, has hitherto been imperfectly explained."—"I am of opinion, that the power of converting chyle into blood, is evident in the pulmonary artery."—"How this could have been so long overlooked appears extraordinary."

This office of the lungs has not been so completely overlooked as our author supposes: we cannot at present enumerate all who may have considered the lungs as the organs of sanguification; but can certainly affirm, that Dr. Duncan, sen. of Edinburgh, teaches this in his lectures, and that Dr. Watt, in his work on Diabetes (which is referred to in another part of this volume), explicitly holds the same doctrine. The alimentary canal, he says, converts food into chyle, and this is changed into blood by the lungs: "the lungs have a double office to perform—to assimilate the new materials, and to preserve the blood in a healthy state." No one, we imagine, can entertain a reasonable doubt upon the subject.

For the credit of maintaining the opinion which is broached in the chapter on the functions of the liver, Mr. B. will probably meet with no competitors. The cases of two children are referred to, in whom the *vena portæ*, instead of ramifying through the substance of the liver, terminated immediately in the *vena cava*.

"In these subjects bile was not met in the gall-bladder, and there was reason to believe that it had been regularly secreted during life. These cases indisputably prove that the hepatic artery is destined for the secretion of bile, as well as for the nourishment of the liver.

"To affirm that bile is formed by a vein, is so directly in opposition to the general and known laws of the animal economy, that it is a matter of surprise how such an assertion should have gained almost universal credence.

"It appears to me that the *vena portæ* is intended to preserve an equilibrium in the circulation of the blood." Pp. 207.

Other physiologists have not seen the indisputable nature of the proof; in particular, the gentleman to whom one of these cases occurred, thought it only proved the hepatic artery to be capable of furnishing materials for the secretion of bile, by no means that the vena portæ is not in ordinary cases destined to that end. As for the anomaly of a vein performing the office of secretion, it is no greater than that of a vein being subdivided after the manner of an artery; and we must affirm, that the hepatic artery is wholly disproportionate in point of size to the double function of nutrition and secretion, assigned to it by the present writer.

It is really surprising with what an air of novelty almost every thing relating to physiology appears to present itself to our author's apprehension. We shall here content ourselves with merely referring to the chapter on the functions of the kidneys for further proof of it, and proceed to lay before the reader a specimen of the practical parts of the work, which, as was already intimated, and it is but justice to repeat, constitute by very much the better portion of this compendium.

The subsequent case of *Tic Douloureux*, communicated in a letter from a friend, seems to be worthy of insertion:—

“In the month of December, 1813, a man was admitted into Guy's Hospital with *Tic Douloureux*. He had the infra-orbital nerve twice divided without any good effect; he had taken the liquor arsenicalis with as little benefit; when one of Mr. A. Cooper's dressers suggested to him the probability of paralyzing the nerves by the application of Cerussa. Accordingly two scruples, formed into an ointment, were rubbed in the morning on the affected cheek, about an hour before the paroxysm of the disease was expected. This application was continued for a month or more, and the man left the hospital apparently perfectly cured. The effect of the lead was rapid and striking, and the patient, from a state of excruciating torment, was rendered comparatively comfortable in a short time. Its effect upon the bowels was very slight, the system but little deranged, the pulse rather diminished in frequency.” Pp. 58.

The following contrasted cases forcibly illustrate the advantages of active practice in the treatment of acute diseases:—

“A young woman, eighteen years of age, was suddenly attacked with the symptoms of acute peritonitis. She complained of extreme pain over the whole abdomen, which was greatly aggravated by pressure. Her pulse was hard, small, and frequent; her countenance anxious, her tongue white, her skin hot and dry. From thirty to forty ounces of blood were taken away for five days

in succession, and afterwards a few ounces occasionally, when a febrile disposition was perceptible. The total quantity of blood abstracted was two hundred and forty ounces. She remained in a debilitated state for some weeks, and ultimately perfectly recovered.

"A boy, aged seventeen years, labouring under precisely similar symptoms, had fallen under my observation a short time previously. I never saw two cases bear a more striking resemblance to each other. Sixteen ounces of blood were taken from his arm, some leeches applied to the abdomen, and half an ounce of the infusion of digitalis was directed every six hours. The boy died at the end of three days from his first seizure. The digitalis produced no effect either upon the pulse, head, or stomach.

"The peritoneum and intestines exhibited traces of the most active inflammation. The intestines were glued together; flakes of coagulable lymph were deposited upon their surfaces; and nearly a gallon of serum had been poured into the cavity of the abdomen, in which globular transparent pieces of lymph were also floating.

"*Remarks.*—The violence of the pain, tenderness, &c. form the best criteria for estimating the danger of the patient; and our practice must be regulated by their intensity. If we pay any regard to the pulse, we shall be more frequently deceived than assisted by it." Pp. 209—211.

Our extracts must conclude with the author's judicious observations upon Sphacelus, which we select with the view of contributing as much as possible to the removal of some unhappy prejudices now prevailing on the subject.

"Much has been written with respect to Sphacelus, and a great difference of opinion still exists as to the most judicious mode of treating it. The stimulating plan is that which has the greatest number of advocates. No sooner is a part threatened with mortification, than the patient is desired to take bark, wine, and a variety of other stimulants, and the diseased part is often powerfully excited by irritating applications. Dreadful are the evils which I have seen occasioned by this practice. It must be remembered, that Sphacelus, whether arising in vigorous or debilitated patients, is the consequence of previous excessive vascular action; we must therefore endeavour to moderate the action of the diseased part itself, whether in vigorous or debilitated persons.

"The constitutional treatment of the patient must be regulated by the degree of constitutional vigour or debility. When a patient of a vigorous habit is threatened with mortification, there is always a powerful constitutional reaction. At the same time that we endeavour to diminish the action of the inflamed part, we must have recourse to blood-letting, and other means of general depletion. When persons whose habits are much debilitated are threatened

with it, at the same time that we endeavour to diminish the local irritation, we must invigorate the powers of the constitution. This latter end will be best attained by giving jellies, broths, and other aliments, made *palatable* only by wine or spices. It is the introduction of a nutritious food into the system that alone imparts real strength to it. Alcohol, instead of giving vigour, by its excessive excitement, is a certain means of inducing indirect debility." Pp. 303—4.

ART. IV.—*The History and Antiquities of the County of Hertford, compiled from the best printed Authorities and original Records, preserved in public Repositories and private Collections; embellished with Views of the most curious Monuments of Antiquity, and illustrated with a Map of the County.* By ROBERT CLUTTERBUCK, of Watford, Esq. F.S.A. volume the 1st. Nichols, Son, and Bentley, 1815. Pp. 526.

NO stronger proof need be required of the thirst for useful practical information in our own time, than the number and merit of the chorographical descriptions that have issued from the press. It is the remark of an eminent writer, that if historians instead of extending the subjects of their inquiry, would limit them to a particular reign or epoch, we might expect from the united labours of competent persons to have a correct account of a nation; so from these local narratives, where the attention of the authors are confined within reasonable bounds, we may hope to acquire an accurate and comprehensive view of the country to which they refer. It is remarkable that Hertfordshire, although so near to the metropolis, is one of those counties of which our intelligence is the most deficient, and we are happy, therefore, in announcing the present work.

It does not appear that there was any general description of the county of Hertford until the year 1593, when John Norden published "*The Historical and Chorographical Survey of Middlesex and Hertfordshire.*" This work in many respects is deficient, and is by no means adequate to satisfy the appetite for minute information on topographical subjects, which is now excited. In 1700 we have something more regular and comprehensive, under the title of "*The Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire,*" with the characters of the abbots of St. Albans, by Sir Henry Chauncy, a Serjeant at Law. This was followed twenty-eight years afterwards by "*The History of Hertfordshire,* describing the county and its ancient Monuments, particularly the Roman, by N. Salmon, L.L.B."

The author says that his first intention was not to have pro-

duced an original work, and to have given a corrected edition of that of N. Salmon's, but he adds, "the frequent digression of the author into matter foreign from the subject of a provincial history, his total omission of many important particulars relating to the church history of the county, the defectiveness of his genealogical sketches, and his numerous errors in tracing the descent of property," led to the application immediately to the more authentic and original sources of historical and genealogical information; and to refer to this author, by quotation, for such facts as are either exclusively his own, or are derived from private documents, to our author at this period of time inaccessible.

"Juvat integros accedere fontes
Atque haurire : juvatque novos decerpere flores."

Lucretius, lib. iv. l. 2.

Mr. Clutterbuck, after noticing the different authorities he has consulted for the church history, and charitable benefactions, observes,

"In speaking of the pretensions of the county itself to public notice, it is my design merely to notice in a cursory manner, those events by which it is connected with the general history of the kingdom, without endeavouring to assign to it a higher place in the scale of provincial history, than it deserves. The three roads by which it was formerly intersected, the Icknield, the Ermen, and the Watling Street, which together with the Fosse, were distinguished by the Romans under the title of 'Chemini Majores;' the remaining vestiges of barrows and earth-works, and the situation of the ancient city of Verulam, seem to indicate that it has been the scene of many important transactions, which lying buried in the obscurity of a barbarous age, are now only to be faintly traced in their imperfect annals of our early history. In the succeeding age, out of the ruins of the Roman city, arose a monastery, founded by one of the most powerful of the Saxon Princes, upon the spot where the first British martyr is supposed to have suffered in the cause of Christianity; a monastery which over every other religious establishment in this kingdom enjoyed a precedence,* conferred upon it by a Pope,† to whom this country gave birth, and recorded by an historian‡ bred up within its walls.

* Incipiamus a Monasterio S. Albani, quod propter gloriosi Britanniae Protomartyris reliquias, caput reliquorum Angliae Monasteriorum, & inter illa primatum habere, nostri regis sanxerunt.

Clement Rayner de Antiq: ord: Sancti Benedicti in Anglia. f. 97.

† Nicholas de Camera surnamed of Breakspere, in the Parish of Abbots Langley, in this County, the place of his nativity, was called to the Papal Chair by the title of Adrian the Fourth.

‡ Matthew Paris, a monk of the monastery of St. Alban, who wrote the lives of the twenty-three first Abbots, from the time of the supposed founder of this establishment, Offa, king of the Mercians, to the latter part of the reign of king Henry the Third.

Under the general head of Hertfordshire we have in this work an introductory account of the early inhabitants of Great Britain, the Celts and the Belgæ. It then proceeds to the British inhabitants of Herts, and mentions as the first of these, the Cassii, a tribe of the Catalauni. Salmon notices them with more diffidence—"Cæsar speaks of the Cassii, who are *supposed* to inhabit hereabouts, and some of our antiquaries are fond of deriving Cassibelan's name from them as their prince, having examples of the like to countenance it." On the British truck-ways as distinguished from the Roman causeways, we have the following remarks.

"These British roads are so totally distinct from the Roman causeways, which succeeded them, that it is surprising so many persons should confound these works of the rude inhabitants of the Island, with those perhaps of the most enlightened military nation that ever appeared in the world; for the British roads were merely driftways running through the woods, or winding on the sides of the hills, and made only for their petty commerce of cattle and of slaves. Unlike the military labours of their successors, they were hardly ever drawn in straight lines, were not regularly attended by barrows, were never raised, and had a peculiar feature, the reason of which is not known, of being divided during their course into several branches, running parallel with the bearing of the original road."

The author observes that these truck-ways crossed the island in every direction, but he prefaces his description of them by some general remarks.

"Of these roads, the two Watling Streets, the Ermin Street, the Icknield Street, the Ikemin Street, the Ryknield Street, probably the Fosse, the Salt Ways, and the roads round the coast, are known to many travellers from actual observation, though they have been imputed by others to the mere fancy of our antiquaries; I cannot, however, conceive why any person should be surprised that such ways should have existed through the forests of our island when we know, from the very best information, that they are to be found in the woods of America, across the sands of Africa, and even in the deserts of New Zealand; for we may assert without danger of contradiction, that the Celts were at least more civilized, than the greater part of the inhabitants of the new world, from their having established regular forms of worship; and we know that the Belgæ were in a still more advanced state of improvement, from the coins which they struck in peace, and from the chariots which they used in their wars." Pp. 9.

Mr. Clutterbuck concludes this part of his subject with an account of the Roman stations and roads in the county, and then

proceeds to its civil and ecclesiastical divisions. Here it may be observed that manors and parishes are seldom co-extensive, the one being a civil, the other an ecclesiastical division, made at different periods; and it should be noticed that the former are generally described by Mr. Clutterbuck, under those parishes in which the greater part of their demesnes lie.

The hundreds are eight in number, Braughing, Broadwater, Cashio, Dacorum, Edwinstree, Hertford, Hitchin, Odsey.—The present volume is confined to those of Cashio and Dacorum. Of the first he observes,

“ This hundred was in the time of the Saxons called Abaneston Hundred, from St. Alban's, its principal town; but at the time of the Conquest, Caisson, from the manor of that name, upon the demesne of which Cassivellaunus, the King of the Cassii is supposed to have had a seat.”

Our author says, that in the time of King Henry the First, this hundred, which then formed part of the possessions of the Abbot of St. Alban, was made a liberty; and with this opinion the Rev. Mr. Newcome, in his History of the Abbey of St. Alban, appears to agree; but Sir Henry Chauncy asserts, that it was made a liberty by the grant of Edward IV.; and upon the dissolution of the church, it vested in the Crown, and remained there, until James the First by letters patent on the 7th of April, in the 9th year of his reign, granted the whole liberty of the monastery of St. Alban's to William Whitmore and John Eldred and their heirs (Mr. Clutterbuck says to George and Thomas Whitmore), who conveyed in the same year to Robert Earl of Salisbury, and in whose family, raised to a Marquisate, it now continues.

In the Account of St. Alban's we have the following curious story of our Proto-martyr Albanus:—

“ His history, as given by the early writers, is as follows:—During the time that the persecution under the Emperor Diocletian raged in Britain, a Christian preacher, named Amphibalus, flying from Caerleon, in Monmouthshire, to the eastern parts of Britain, comes to Verulam, and is entertained as a guest in the house of Albanus. During the time of his continuance there, he avails himself of every opportunity which occurs of instilling into the mind of his host the doctrines of his faith, who at length yields to the persuasive eloquence of Amphibalus, and becomes a convert to Christianity. After his conversion, a lively intercourse takes place between them, of which private information is carried to the Prefect of the city, who orders Albanus and his guest Amphibalus to appear before him, and in order to try the faith of the former, commands him to assist in preparing a sacrifice to the

Gods. Albanus, after receiving this summons, contrives privately to put away his guest, and exchanges clothes with him, in which disguise Amphibalus, under cover of the night, makes his escape out of the city. In the mean time, a band of soldiers invests the house of Albanus, who presents himself to his pursuers clothed in the habit of his guest, and is dragged into the presence of the Prefect, who commands him to make atonement for his defection from his former faith by joining in a sacrifice to the Gods. Albanus resolutely refuses to join in this requisition; upon which he is thrown into prison, and shortly after sentenced to suffer an ignominious death upon the opposite hill, called Holmhurst, or Holynhurst, said to be the spot upon which the present conventual church stands. Albanus, loaded with chains, and followed by a reviling multitude, is led to the place of execution; on the way a number of impediments arise to give him an opportunity of invoking the miraculous interposition of the Deity; a river obstructs the passage of the multitude; at the prayer and supplication of Albanus, the waters are instantly dried up, and a free passage is afforded. At length they reach the summit of the hill, which is covered by an immense multitude of persons assembled to witness the spectacle of his execution, and who, from the fervour of a burning sun, are oppressed with violent heat and thirst. Here an opportunity of working a second miracle is given, and at his command, a fountain instantly gushes from the earth for the relief of their necessities. Albanus is now led bound to the fatal block, and the executioner, selected on this occasion from the multitude, at one blow severs his head from his body, and at the same instant the eyes of the executioner start from their sockets, and fall upon the ground."

The death of Albanus is mentioned by Hiericus, a Frenchman, 800 years since, in these terms:—

*"Millia pœnarum Christi pro nomine passus
Quum tandem rapuit capitis sententia cæsi.
Sed non lictori cessit res tuta superbo
Atque caput sancto ceciderunt lumina sævo."*

According to this account it was the lictor not the executioner who was deprived of sight, which would appear the more just; and we should be the more interested for this menial officer if it were true, as Chauncy adds, that "soon after the convert executioner appointed to perform this bloody part upon Alban, was executed in the same manner for refusing to act this office."

Nothing more occurs respecting Verulam until the time of the Pelagian heresy, A. D. 401, when the British divines, being inexpert disputants, sent for assistance to some Bishops of France. The Romans quitted Britain about A. D. 420, and

from that time we have another long interval of silence, comprehending 355 years, with the exception of a conflict between the Saxons and Uter Pendragon, a native Prince, who with much difficulty recovered Verulam.

"We now arrive at the time when Offa ascended the throne of Mercia. This prince, fierce and enterprising, invited Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, who paid his addresses to his daughter Elfreda, with his retinue to Hereford, in order to solemnize their nuptials; and during this occasion of joy and festivity, seized upon his son-in-law, and caused him to be beheaded."

We have then the story of his contrition for this offence, of his submission to the clergy for absolution, of his journey to Rome, of his convening his nobles and prelates at Verulam, and of his either founding or completing a monastery there. At the conclusion of this holy work, Offa retired to his palace at Offley, in the county, and died in 794.

About half the volume having been devoted to the hundred of Cashio, the remainder is applied to that of Dacorum.

"This hundred at the time of the Conqueror's survey, was divided into two parts, called by the names of Danais and Treury Hundreds, which in the reign of King Edward III. were consolidated under the name of Dacorum. It is now a parcel of the royal demesne, and the sheriffs of the county account to the Exchequer for its profits."

The author, both in this and the former division of the volume, pursues his subject according to the parochial boundaries, the separate parishes, for the facility of reference, being alphabetically arranged. He first gives the return of the population of each under the statutes of the 41st and 51st of the King, and the expense for the maintenance of the poor under the 43d of the King. These calculations are followed by descriptions of the place, accounts of the descent of the respective manors, the pedigree of families, the church with the monumental inscriptions, the benefactions; and the whole is closed by biographical notices, which last form a curious and interesting part of the work, and of which we extract the subsequent specimen. It occurs in the description of Great Gaddesden, and refers to the author of the *Rosa Medicinæ*, of which an edition was first printed in Paris in 1492.

"John de Gatesden, or Gadisden, and by some also called Johannes Anglicus, was a physician of great celebrity in the early part of the 14th century. He probably derived his name from the circumstance of having been born at one of the villages which are

now named Great and Little Gaddesden. Merton College, in Oxford, received him as a student, and enrolled him among the fellows of that Society. He is described as a very accomplished scholar, but is said to have dedicated himself more particularly to the study of medicine; to have taken the degree of Doctor in that faculty; and to have been the public professor of physic in the University during seven years. Tanner, among his notices of this person, mentions an exchange of ecclesiastical preferment made by John Gutisden, rector of St. Nicholas, in Abingdon, with Thomas de Boteler, rector of Chipping-Norton, in 1320. This is probably the physician, for the clergy studied and practised long before this time the medical art, and the fashion continued at the period here noticed.

“He travelled into foreign countries, in order that he might acquire the most accurate knowledge of medicine; and, as Pits has remarked, in order that he might not hazard the first trial of his attainments upon his friends and countrymen. He is said to have lived to a great age.

“Of this celebrated character, however, Dr. Friend, in his History of Medicine, has spoken with no small contempt, disregarding the high praise bestowed upon him by our old historians, as well as the honourable notice which the father of English poetry has taken of him, in ranking him among the most distinguished sons of Esculapius: for Chaucer's *Doctour of Physike* is thus accomplished in all the learning of this craft:

“Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus
Old Hippocras, Hali, & Gallien;
Serapion, Rasis, & Avicen;
Averrois, Damascene, & Constantin
Bernard, & Gatiden, & Gilbertin.’

Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, v. 431.

“Chaucer was proud and happy, no doubt, to record the merits of a man of his own college, and the laurels of Gatiden were yet fresh.”

It has been the custom too much in topographical and chorographical narratives to make them the vehicle of adulation to the families whose history they record; but we do not in the present volume discover any perversion of that kind, and the reader is every where assisted in forming his own judgment by full references to the authorities consulted.

To the work is added an Appendix, containing several charts and other documents.

The present volume comprehends a variety of engravings, principally of churches and monuments; but it is recommended that the work may not be bound up until the whole is com-

pleted, as the general map of the county, and several engravings of monuments, &c. described, will, on account of the unequal distribution of the subjects of antiquity throughout the several hundreds of the county, be given in the subsequent volumes.

We have perused with pleasure and approbation what Mr. Clutterbuck has with much patience of research already performed, and we wish him all the credit and success he can himself desire in the completion of his arduous undertaking.

ART. V.—*The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. Poet Laureat, Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, and of the Royal Spanish Academy of History. 18mo. London, Longman and Co. 1816.

"Me, most of all men, it behoved to raise
The strain of triumph for this foe subdued;
To give a voice to joy, and in my lays
Exalt a nation's hymn of gratitude,
And blazon forth in song that day's renown,
For I was grac'd with England's laurel crown."

SUCH is stated by Mr. Southey to be his principal motive for writing the small work before us, and it bears evident symptoms of being the production of a sense of duty—"For I was graced with England's laurel crown." It is undoubtedly true, that the contemplation of such a stupendous achievement seems to set at defiance all individual eulogium, and to be well applauded only by the general gratitude of united nations. All the tributes hitherto poured forth, have appeared comparatively mean and contemptible, and they will be held unworthy of their subject until the present generation, which may be said to have contemplated the very scene, shall have passed away, and until its remote posterity shall have partially neglected the immediate source of their happiness in the tranquil and habitual enjoyment of the blessings that have flowed from the victory. Under present impressions, no man is competent to form an opinion upon these effusions; and even Mr. Walter Scott (whose descriptions of battles have by some of his admirers been raised to a level with the mighty efforts of the father of poetry, and whose talent and spirit we are far from denying) is acknowledged by his friends to have failed in his attempt. It will be asked if the inspiration of the poet does not rise with the worthiness of his subject? Yes—but there are some exalted themes in the con-

templation of which all men are in a degree poets, at least as far as feeling is concerned, and this is one of them: nearly the utmost the best poet could accomplish in treating it, would be the employment of appropriate expressions for those delightful sensations which he enjoyed only in common with the rest of mankind.

For this reason, perhaps we may say, Mr. Southey has taken the more prudent course as far as respects present purposes; for instead of attempting to give any vivid picture of the events of that splendid day, he merely professes to make a "pilgrimage to Waterloo;" and if he had omitted the word that precedes these, many of his readers would have been aware that it ought in justice to have been supplied. In making this remark, we would be understood to refer particularly to the first part of what the author calls "The Poet's Pilgrimage," or what he might more properly term, by way of distinction, "The Poet Laureate's Pilgrimage to Waterloo." The second part of the volume is entitled "A Vision;" and the design of the author being avowedly to frame it somewhat after the model of "his master, Spenser," few people would be hardy enough to deny that it was poetry, however unlike the original. We do not mean to treat disrespectfully or even flippantly a man of Mr. Southey's admitted abilities: some of his works have our sincere admiration in the class to which they belong, but we do not think that he has added to his reputation by the poem on our table. The first hundred pages, with a few exceptions, are merely a dull and minute detail, such as might be collected out of "The Belgian Traveller," or any other topographical book to guide the ignorant through Flanders; or such reflections and observations as might be looked for from a clever school-boy who had some knack at composition, and who employed his holidays in a survey of the field of battle.

The body of the work is preceded by a Proem, in which the author with considerable feeling has given an account of his return to Derwent after his journey. His family picture (in painting which subjects he is generally happy) is very fascinating; but the pleasure to be derived from it has been much lessened by a melancholy event which has since happened—the loss of "his only and his studious boy," who forms so prominent and interesting a figure in the group he describes, receiving him at the gate, and conducting him to the house. Our readers will be able to estimate a father's grief under such a calamity by the subsequent display of a father's joy. He speaks first of his family generally.

" Soon each and all came crouding round to share
 The cordial greeting, the beloved sight ;
 What welcomings of hand and lip were there !
 And when those overflowing of delight
 Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
 Life hath no purer deeper happiness.

" The young companion of our weary way
 Found here the end desired of all her ills ;
 She who in sickness pining many a day
 Hungered and thirsted for her native hills,
 Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain,
 Rejoiced to see her own dear home again.

" Recovered now, the homesick mountaineer
 Sate by the playmate of her infancy,
 Her twin-like comrade,—rendered doubly dear
 For that long absence : full of life was she,
 With voluble discourse and eager mien
 Telling of all the wonders she had seen.

" Here silently between her parents stood
 My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove ;
 And gently oft from time to time she wooed
 Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
 With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
 Soliciting again the wished caress.

" The younger twain in wonder lost were they,
 My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel :
 Long of our promised coming, day by day,
 It had been their delight to hear and tell ;
 And now, when that long-promised hour was come,
 Surprise and wakening memory held them dumb.

" For in the infant mind, as in the old,
 When to its second childhood life declines,
 A dim and troubled power doth Memory hold :
 But soon the light of young Remembrance shines
 Renewed, and influences of dormant love
 Wakened within, with quickening influence move.

" O happy season theirs, when absence brings
 Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
 Yet at the present object love re-springs,
 As night-closed flowers at morn expand again !
 Nor deem our second infancy unblest,
 When gradually composed we sink to rest.

" Soon they grew blithe as they were wont to be ;
 Her old endearments each began to seek :
 And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
 And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek ;

With voice and touch and look reviving thus
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

“ But there stood one whose heart could entertain
And comprehend the fullness of the joy ;
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only and his studious boy ;
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his infancy.”

However prettily this is touched, no man can deny that the same subject has been as well, if not better, treated by many poets, but particularly by Burns ; the turn of the expression is also often common-place enough. It is a misfortune to men who, like Mr. Southey, write a great deal, that they get into a sort of habitual swing of style, and acquire a facility of composition that sometimes precludes all efforts of thought : this is very much the case in “ *The Poet's Pilgrimage*,” throughout which we meet with few new combinations of energetic and expressive words : in the passage just quoted are some of the most hacknied epithets, that have been in the constant use of sickly poets since the lamented time when it was resolved that no substantive should be allowed to stand alone without its adjective ; for instance, “ cordial greeting,” “ weary way,” “ wished caress,” “ fondling hand,” &c. The following specimen will illustrate what we said of the familiar prosaic detail with which this part of the volume abounds.

“ We left our pleasant Land of Lakes, and went
Throughout whole England's length, a weary way,
Even to the farthest shores of eastern Kent :
Embarking there upon an autumn day,
Toward Ostend we held our course all night,
And anchored by its quay at morning's early light.

“ Small vestige there of that old siege appears,
And little of remembrance would be found,
When for the space of three long painful years
The persevering Spaniard girt it round,
And gallant youths of many a realm from far
Went students to that busy school of war.

“ Yet still those wars of obstinate defence
Their lessons offer to the soldier's hand ;
Large knowledge may the statesman draw from thence :
And still from underneath the drifted sand,
Sometimes the storm, or passing foot lays bare
Part of the harvest Death has gathered there.

"Peace be within thy walls, thou famous town,
 For thy brave bearing in those times of old ;
 May plenty thy industrious children crown,
 And prosperous merchants day by day behold
 Many a rich vessel from the injurious sea,
 Enter the bosom of thy quiet quay.

"Embarking there, we glided on between
 Strait banks raised high above the level land,
 With many a cheerful dwelling white and green
 In goodly neighbourhood on either hand.
 Huge-timbered bridges o'er the passage lay,
 Which wheeled aside and gave us easy way."

Of what importance can be such *minutiæ* as the known distance from Brussels to Waterloo, and how long it would require for a man to go to it on foot or on horseback ?

"Southward from Brussels lies the field of blood,
 Some three hours journey for a well-girt man ;
 A horseman who in haste pursued his road,
 Would reach it as the second hour began."

Even when the author is speaking of one of the most glorious parts of that most glorious day, he does not seem to gain any warmth, but still fatigues us with idle discussions on the etymology of the names of places.

"Behold the scene where Slaughter had full sway !
 A mile before us lieth Mount St. John,
 A hamlet which the Highlanders that day
 Preserved from spoil ; yet as much farther on
 The single farm is placed, now known to fame,
 Which from the sacred hedge derives its name.

"Straight onward yet for one like distance more,
 And there the house of Belle Alliance stands,
 So named, I guess, by some in days of yore,
 In friendship, or in wedlock joining hands :
 Little did they who called it thus foresee
 The place that name should hold in history !"

The following, however, is a little better, and is perhaps the only eloquent and energetic part of the early portion of the work.

"When thou hast reached La Haye, survey it well,
 Here was the heat and the centre of the strife ;
 This point must Britain hold whate'er befel,
 And here both armies were profuse of life
 Once it was lost,—and then a stander by
 Belike had trembled for the victory.

" Not so the leader, on whose equal mind
Such interests hung in that momentous day ;
So well had he his motley troops assigned,
That where the vital points of action lay,
There had he placed those soldiers whom he knew
No fears could quail, no dangers could subdue.

" Small was his British force, nor had he here
The Portugals, in heart so near allied,
The worthy comrades of his late career,
Who fought so oft and conquered at his side,
When with the Red Cross joined in brave advance,
The glorious Quinas mocked the air of France.

" Now of the troops with whom he took the field,
Some were of doubtful faith, and others raw ;
He stationed these where they might stand or yield ;
But where the stress of battle he foresaw,
There were his links (his own strong words I speak)
And rivets which no human force could break.

" O my brave countrymen, ye answered well
To that heroic trust ! Nor less did ye,
Whose worth your grateful country aye shall tell,
True children of our sister Germany,
Who while she groaned beneath the oppressor's chain,
Fought for her freedom in the fields of Spain."

After travelling over the field of battle with great patience, Mr. Southey proceeds with a description of other districts of the scene of war, which he gives with all the precision of a hired guide ; and he winds up the first part with some reflections on hopes disappointed by the result of the French Revolution.

The second division of this production which, as the author observes, is " in an allegorical form," now commences, to which we suppose the last verse of the poem more particularly alludes.

" So may I boldly round my temples bind
The laurel which my Master Spenser wore ;
And free in spirit as the mountain wind
That makes my symphony at this lone hour
No perishable song of triumph raise,
But sing in worthy strains my country's praise."

The precise connection between Mr. Southey's *laurel crown* and his *freedom of spirit* will not, perhaps, be obvious to all his readers, but we cannot think that he has been very judi-

cious in referring to his "Master Spenser," and thereby compelling a sort of comparison. It is true that in this second part of his poem the author makes efforts at higher flights than he has before attempted, and sometimes attains excellence in the descriptive passages; but we are sure that Mr. Southey himself is a man of too much diffidence to pretend that what he has written resembles Spenser further than some express imitations, and the general strain of allegory which runs through it. In order to constitute even a resemblance to the author of the "*Faerie Queene*" it is not merely necessary to enforce a moral under a story of imaginary personifications—the pupil of this great master must do much more; he must not only create his beings, but he must breathe into their nostrils the breath of life; he must endue them with such qualities as shall give them an actual apparent animation. Spenser, in our opinion, is not more admirable for his wonderful inventions and applications, than for his miraculous power of giving all the effect of real characters to his allegorical personages: we take an interest in these mere abstractions as if they were mortals like ourselves—we suffer in their misfortunes and we rejoice in their triumphs: Guyon and his friendly Palmer, the mere representatives of Temperance, wrap up all our feelings in their high adventures, and even Talus, the iron attendant of Arthegal, a creation of the very boldest kind, is, for the purposes of the poet, a living, breathing minister of justice. This praise we not think due to the author of "*the Vision*" at which we are now arrived, and into which only three characters are introduced as interlocutors, viz. Worldly Wisdom, the Muse, and the Poet:—The latter is supposed to fall asleep after having visited the field of Waterloo, and he dreams that he is wandering "where heaps of recent carnage filled the way:" he is just about to fly from the horrid scene, when his name is pronounced, and looking round, he sees "a lofty structure edified," which he thus paints as well as the personage whom he found upon it.

" Most like it seemed to that aspiring Tower
Which old Ambition reared on Babel's plain,
As if he weened in his presumptuous power
To scale high Heaven with daring pride profane;
Such was its giddy height: and round and round
The spiral steps in long ascension wound.

" Its frail foundations upon sand were placed,
And round about it mouldering rubbish lay;
For easily by time and storms defaced,
The loose materials crumbled in decay:

Rising so high, and built so insecure,
Ill might such perishable work endure.

" I not the less went up, and as I drew
Toward the top, more firm the structure seemed,
With nicer art composed, and fair to view :
Strong and well-built perchance I might have deemed
The pile, had I not seen and understood,
Of what frail matter formed, and on what base it stood.

" There on the summit a grave personage
Received and welcomed me in courteous guise ;
On his grey temples were the marks of age,
As one whom years methought should render wise.
I saw that thou wert filled with doubt and fear,
He said, and therefore have I called thee here.

" Hence from this eminence sublime I see
The wanderings of the erring crowd below,
And pitying thee in thy perplexity,
Will tell thee all that thou canst need to know
To guide thy steps aright. I bent my head
As if in thanks, . . And who art thou ? I said.

" He answered, I am Wisdom. Mother Earth
Me, in her vigour self-conceiving, bore ;
And as from eldest time I date my birth,
Eternally with her shall I endure ;
Her noblest offspring I, to whom alone
The course of sublunary things is known."

The poet expresses his great surprise, having been taught
" that Wisdom was the child divine of Heaven," but the old
man, shewing him the impenetrable darkness that wrapped fu-
turity, even when viewed from the tower's height, dilates upon
the folly of caring for hereafter, maintaining " that plea-
sure is the aim and self the spring of all."—This, not very
connectedly perhaps, draws on a discussion regarding the
tyrant " who bruised the nations with his iron rod," who is
thus vindicated by Worldly Wisdom.

" Hath he not chosen well ? the old man replied ;
Bravely he aimed at universal sway ;
And never earthly chief was glorified
Like this Napoleon in his prosperous day.—
All-ruling Fate itself hath not the power
To alter what has been—and he has had his hour."

The only good lines in this stanza, the two last, are bor-
rowed from Dryden's noble paraphrase of the 29th ode of the

third book of Horace, which is as much superior to his original as that original is to Mr. Southey.

"Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed in spite of Fate are mine :
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

Several other coincidences, (we call them by no severer name,) might be noticed between the moral sentiments of Mr. Southey and those of the best, but least popular, poet of the day: in one place a line is copied from the *Beggars' Opera*—"Life knows no return of spring," and indeed it may be said without much injustice, that where the Poet Laureate is most full of reflections, he is most apt to transplant the productions of other soils into his own, where, however, they do not thrive, and have often little accordance and harmony with their neighbours.

To return to the allegory; the old man prognosticates the fall of England, but a dreadful storm is supposed to rise, in which he vanishes, while the fabric totters on its frail foundation. The poet in great alarm supposes himself to leap from the tower to "the sacred mountain," where the Muse appears to him, and cheers the despondency occasioned by "the Evil Prophet." The following is a fair specimen of the Muse's discourse.

"Even as a mother listens to her child
My plaint the Muse divine benignant heard,
Then answered in reproving accents mild,
What if thou seest the fruit of hope deferred,
Dost thou for this in faltering faith repine?
A manlier, wiser virtue should be thine!

"Ere the good seed must give its fruit in Spain,
The light must shine on that bedarkened land,
And Italy must break her papal chain,
Ere the soil answer to the sower's hand;
For till the sons their fathers' fault repent,
The old error brings its direful punishment.

"Hath not experience bade the wise man see
Poor hope from innovations premature?
All sudden change is ill: slow grows the tree,
Which in its strength through ages shall endure.
In that ungrateful earth it long may lie
Dormant, but fear not that the seed should die.

" Falsely that Tempter taught thee that the past
Was but a blind inextricable maze ;
Falsely he taught that evil overcast

With gathering tempest these propitious days,
That he in subtle snares thy soul might bind,
And rob thee of thy hopes for humankind.

" He told thee the beginning and the end

Were indistinguishable all, and dark ;
And when from his vain Tower he bade thee bend

Thy curious eye, well knew he that no spark
Of heavenly light would reach the baffled sense,
The mist of earth lay round him all too dense.

" Must I, as thou hadst chosen the evil part,
Tell thee that Man is free and God is good ?

These primal truths are rooted in thy heart :

But these being rightly felt and understood,
Should bring with them a hope, calm, constant, sure,
Patient, and on the rock of faith secure."

This monitress then leads him towards the top of the hill, and

" They reached a green and sunny place, so fair
As well with long-lost Eden might compare."

This spot is described with the greatest minuteness, being only, however, an expansion of the 58th stanza of B. 2. C. 12. of the "*Faerie Queene*;" the great difference, as our readers will find on comparison, is, that Spenser with a bold hand paints the general effects of objects, so as to afford a complete and picturesque view of the whole, while Mr. Southey dwells with so much precision upon the picking out of small insignificant parts that nothing but those parts, separate from their combinations, are presented to the eye. Spenser is often full of details, but they never supersede the more important design; on the contrary they generally add an exquisite finish to its beauty. To shew the imitation of which we have spoken we will quote two stanzas.

" And all sweet birds sung there their lays of love ;
The mellow thrush, the black-bird loud and shrill ;
The rapturous nightingale that shook the grove
Made the ears vibrate and the heart-strings thrill ;
The ambitious lark, that soaring in the sky,
Poured forth her lyric strain of ecstasy.

" Sometimes when that wild chorus intermits,
The linnet's song was heard amid the trees,
A low sweet voice ; and sweeter still, at fits
The ring-dove's wooing came upon the breeze ;

While with the wind which moved the leaves among,
The murmuring waters joined in undersong."

And to prove how poor an imitation it is, we will subjoin one of the most exquisite passages in the whole of the "Faerie Queene."

"The joyous birds shrowded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
The angelical soft trembling voices made
To the instruments divine response meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the round did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

F. Q. B. 2. C. 12 st. 71.

In this description, however, Spenser himself was in some degree indebted to Tasso.

"*Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde
Temprano a prova lascivette note.
Mormora l'aura, e fà le foglie e l'onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote:
Quando taccion gli augelli, alto risponde;
Quando cantan gli augei, più lieve scote:
Sia caso ad arte, or' accompagna ed ora
Alterna i versi lor la musica ora.*"

Ger. Lib. C. 16.

After he has tasted of the tree of knowledge as a preparative, the Poet is lead to a part of the sacred mountain, from whence he is enabled to behold the beginning and the end of things, and to trace the gradual crimes and inevitable punishment of nations. The Muse here takes the opportunity of recapitulating the fate of different empires and kingdoms, and like Worldly Wisdom, turns at length to France and Buonaparte, who is characterised in a manner little becoming the dignity of a poet or the generosity of a conqueror. We shall conclude our extracts with the following gratifying picture of our glorious and prosperous land.

"A landscape followed, such as might compare
With Flemish fields for well-requited toil;
The wonder-working hand had every where
Subdued all circumstance of stubborn soil;
In fen and moor reclaimed rich gardens smiled,
And populous hamlets rose amid the wild.

“ There the old seaman on his native shore
Enjoyed the competence deserved so well ;
The soldier, his dread occupation o'er,
Of well-rewarded service loved to tell ;
The grey-haired labourer there whose work was done,
In comfort saw the day of life go down.

“ Such was the lot of eld ; for childhood there
The duties which belong to life was taught :
The good seed early sown, and nurst with care,
This bounteous harvest in its season brought :
Thus youth for manhood, manhood thus for age
Prepared, and found their weal in every stage.

“ Enough of knowledge unto all was given
In widom's way to guide their steps on earth,
And make the immortal spirit fit for heaven.
This needful learning was their right of birth :
Further might each who chose it persevere ;
No mind was lost for lack of culture here.

“ And that whole happy region swarmed with life,—
Village and town ;—as busy bees in spring
In sunny days when sweetest flowers are rife,
Fill fields and gardens with their murmuring.
Oh joy to see the State in perfect health !
Her numbers were her pride and power and wealth.

“ Then saw I, as the magic picture moved,
Her shores enriched with many a port and pier ;
No gift of liberal Nature unimproved.
The seas their never-failing harvest here
Supplied, as bounteous as the air which fed
Israel, when manna fell from heaven for bread,

“ Many a tall vessel in her harbours lay,
About to spread its canvas to the breeze,
Bound upon happy errand to convey
The adventurous colonist beyond the seas,
Toward those distant lands were Britain blest
With her redundant life the East and West.”

All good men must hope that this promise will be realized hereafter ; and however deficient in enthusiasm this work may be, at least this merit is due to its author, that he has endeavoured to promote its accomplishment by instructive lessons of morality : of political virtue he has said little, perhaps wisely, though it is by far the most important to national welfare. After a patient perusal of “ *The Poet's Pilgrimage*,” we confess that we can find no adequate reason why it should not

have been written in prose; as it is, many parts are scarcely more than prose in rhyme, and the didactic strain even of the allegorical parts is not improved by the supernatural air that is endeavoured to be thrown over them. The book has the advantage of several pretty plates, representing portions of the scene of action corresponding in minuteness with the descriptions given by Mr. Southey.

ART. VI.—*Transactions of the Society instituted at London, for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce; with the premiums offered in the Year 1815, and the Rules and Orders of the Societies, vol. 33. 8vo. R. Wilks, Pp. 304.*

IT may be worth while at this date to explain to what circumstances is to be attributed the publication of the *Transactions* of this useful society in their present form.

In 1777 a committee was formed to examine the proceedings from the commencement of the institution in 1754. This enquiry led in the following year to the printing of a volume in folio, intituled “A Register of the Premiums and Bounties given by the Society;” comprehending those to the year 1776, inclusive. This work was intended only for the use of the members, but it was afterwards discovered that it might be extensively beneficial, and it was judged conducive to the liberal purposes of the establishment, to lay before the public at large notices of the several rewards assigned to the different classes into which that work is divided. It was not until the year 1783, that the plan of annual publications was adopted, and it has since been regularly pursued, so that we have now the 33d volume, the whole supplying a great variety of interesting information in agriculture, chemistry, manufactures, mechanics, and commerce.

The Society have thought fit usually to prefix as a frontispiece to each of these volumes, the portrait of some of the principal officers of the establishment, but on the present occasion this ceremony is disregarded, and respect to the memory of Dr. Roxburgh has induced them to prefer an engraving of that gentleman. His character is well known to the public as Superintendant of the East India Company’s Botanic Garden at Calcutta, and to the Society, as one of their honorary members, who has frequently contributed to these *Transactions*. The engravings illustrative of the subjects are numerous and well executed.

The arrangement of the present volume is in the adopted order, commencing with the agricultural papers, and among these we find one on the preservation of vegetables, which are often for the want of the means for this purpose, however useful as the food of man and beast, either injured by remaining in the ground, or destroyed by fermentation and putrefaction. The experiment was made on carrots by Mr. H. B. Way, of Bridport Harbour. The seed was sown broad-cast in the customary way, in a garden, on the 23d March, 1814, they were thinned out as required for the family; and on the 20th August following they were dug up, the greens and tips of the roots were cut off, and cleared from the earth adhering to them; the carrots were then put into a dry cask, first laying a layer of earth at the bottom of the cask, and a layer of earth and carrots alternately, until the vessel was filled. Mr. Way found the carrot so preserved in much superior condition to those which continued in the ground until September or October, and then taken up to be preserved.

Under the head of colonies and trade in this volume we have another paper on a similar subject. The contrivance is precisely the same, and the principle in both is to exclude the air, so that no fermentation may take place, and that the flavour of the vegetable may be thus wholly retained. Mr. Charles Whitlow of Canada, packed potatoes in casks, which as the potatoes were piled in them, were filled up with earth, taking care that all the vacant spaces were occupied by the earth; and it is a matter of convenience that the roots so packed are inclosed in as small a vessel as if the mould were not superadded. This Canadian gentleman sailed from New York to St. Bartholomew's, and from thence to Jamaica, where some of them were sold and put into a cool cellar. On examining them two months afterwards Mr. Whitlow found that they had in a very small degree sprouted, and that their original flavour was preserved.

Since the voyages of Captain Cook, the supply of vegetable diet been considered so important to the navy, that it is with a particular view to it we have noticed these experiments, accommodated to the form of stowage, so peculiarly adapted to the purposes of navigation.

Into the class of chemistry it has been thought fit to introduce Mr. William Smith's six-sheet mineralogical map of England and Wales, and we do not think it misplaced. The subterranean world is found to possess much more regularity in the character of its component materials than was formerly supposed, and the recent discoveries lead to the rational expectation, that the treasures of the lower regions will be largely

supplied to satisfy the increasing wants of those who occupy the surface. By the explanation accompanying the map, it appears that the courses of the strata, or the length and breadth of surface occupied by each, as they rise successively from the level of the sea, on the eastern and western side of the island, are represented by colours; and it is seen that the most general direction of these strata is from south-west to north-east, but in some parts they are nearly north and south, and in the southern counties, the terminations frequently have an opposite course.

The canals are added to this map, in order to shew the facility in some cases with which the more ponderous articles of subterraneous produce may be conveyed from their native beds to the places of their employment; and useful hints are given as to the situations where such expedients of aquatic communication may be most profitably resorted to.

In the division of Polite Arts we see nothing deserving particular attention, nor do we think that one of the articles comprehended under this title has any appropriate reference to it. The class of manufactures is, we must reluctantly observe, very deficient.

Under the head of Mechanics we have a description of Mr. Law's telegraph, assisted by an engraving, and which, without such means of illustration, we should find it difficult to explain; but we are unwilling wholly to omit noticing it. It appeared on examination by the committee of the Society of Arts, that a telegraph on this construction would save 160 yards of bunting, and give the signals more distinctly. One arm on this principle, it is stated, has been employed at Deal, which perfectly fulfilled the intention; and although four feet and a half long, and placed twenty-five feet high, was worked with ease and dispatch. The same plan, we observe, could be easily adapted to the flag-staff, or mast of a ship, without being impeded by the wind or sails. A night telegraph is also contrived of a similar kind.

If we are rightly instructed, the employment of telegraphs is to be discontinued in several of the directions with which those at the Admiralty corresponded, but we shall be extremely concerned if our information should be correct. Next to the gift of prophecy, is the facility of transmitting intelligence from great distances in a short interval of time, like that which is attained by this invention; and nothing but the grossest mistake as to the nature, means, and end of economy, could lead to its disuse. As early as the year 1794, the machine was contrived by M. Chappe in France, and it was found to answer all

the purposes intended by it. It was immediately adopted from the advantages it promised; and the acquisition of Austrian and Dutch Flanders being then the object of ambition with the French revolutionists, a telegraph was established between Paris and Lisle, and through this medium all the principal operations of the war were dictated by a committee of general officers in the former city. It has been asserted that the movements of the apparatus were conducted with so much promptitude and dexterity through the range of stations between London and Plymouth, that the striking of the hour of mid-day at the Horse-Guards, was made known at the latter place before the clock was silent; and we are assured by a gentleman who sent a message of some sentences from Plymouth to London, that in the house of the Governor of the port he obtained an answer from the Admiralty within twelve minutes.

Before we quit the annual publication of the Society, we are anxious to suggest to them the fitness in future of diminishing the size of their volumes, by excluding the rules and orders of the institution entirely, with the long catalogue of nomenclature, or by printing these addenda in a much smaller type. We observe with approbation, that they have abandoned a former method, and adopted this reduction of bulk in regard to the premiums offered for the year. In the present form of the Appendix, if we may so call it, the work is rendered unnecessarily expensive to the purchaser; and nearly the half of the volume is applied to matters of information, which, although of local importance to the Society, are not of general utility; and it will have been observed, that the Transactions of other similar institutions have not been encumbered with such materials.

In taking our leave of this work, we cannot avoid expressing our satisfaction that the meritorious Society from which it emanates, has not only been for many years advancing to its fit rank in the public estimation, but that the members have increased since the commencement of the last session in a greater proportion than at any former period since the time of its establishment.

ART VII.—*The Antiquary.* By the author of "*Waverley*" and "*Guy Mannering*." 3 vol. 12mo. Edinburgh, for A. Constable and Co.: London, for Longman and Co. 1816.

THIS is no ordinary novel, as our readers will believe without travelling further than the title, which announces it to be the

production of the author of "Waverly" and "Guy Mannering." We shall not be blamed, therefore, for devoting to it a space exceeding that commonly occupied by publications of the kind.

The first question that naturally occurs is, "Who is the author of 'Waverly' and 'Guy Mannering?'" all profess to be able to give a positive answer, and yet every answer is different. "Waverly" was undoubtedly an excellent novel, and it was rewarded with proportionate popularity. Still no claimant started forward to receive the applause he so justly merited, and the uncertainty of obtaining which had perhaps till then kept him diffidently in the back ground. But "Guy Mannering" was next announced, but no author's name was introduced into the advertisement, nor, to the great disappointment of thousands of readers, did it appear upon the title-page. Conjecture was set to work, to supply food to greedy curiosity, and a few occasional verses, more especially in "Waverly," induced many to fix upon Mr. Walter Scott as the writer. Of all suppositions, however, this appeared, to thinking persons the least probable, not that the verses were tame or bad, but because that gentleman could have no motive to conceal his name, and many inducements to disclose it: he had never been very anxious to shun public approbation, and in a pecuniary point of view it was clearly his interest to acknowledge the authorship; it is true that to "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk" he has not added his name, but political considerations induced him not to avow it until he found that the admission most materially promoted the sale. Those who still adhere to the almost exploded notion that Mr. Scott is the author of the three productions noticed in the head of this article, pretend to find a great similarity of style between them and the epistles of Paul. It may be so, but we have not observed the resemblance. Again another novel has succeeded, but it is provokingly anonymous. Really Mr.——, whoever he be, is unpardonably cruel to the old maids, (and young ones too,) who in groups of three or four over each others shoulder are devouring "the Antiquary," and endeavouring to satiate their appetites by picking out fancied anecdotes relating to the author. In vain have they glanced over the "advertisement," insultingly written in the first person singular, yet subscribed neither with full length name, with ambiguous initials, nor with syllable-marking asterisks.

We have also our opinion upon this point not founded in speculation, but upon authority which we have no reason to doubt. We understand that the name of the author of "Waverly,"

"Guy Mannering," and "the Antiquary," is **FORBES**; that he is the son of a Scotch Baronet, that he was educated at the school of Dr. Valpy at Reading, and that he is now in the twenty-seventh year of his age. We are not at liberty to disclose the source from whence we derive this information; it must suffice to say that the fact has our belief, and that it has been confirmed by circumstantial evidence. But we will leave the author and proceed to his work.

The advertisement prefixed to "the Antiquary" informs us, that it "completes a series of fictitious narratives, intended to illustrate the manner of Scotland at three different periods. Waverly embraced the age of our fathers, Guy Mannering that of our own youth, and the Antiquary refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century." Few authors entitled to be called eminent have been without their plans, though they may not lie open to the eyes of superficial observers, and we regret that the design of Mr. Forbes, (for such we will suppose his name,) has so soon been accomplished; still more, however, should we lament, did we imagine that he would realize the threat held out in the closing words of the advertisement, that he now takes his leave of the public "as one who is not likely again to solicit their favour." When we consider the requisites for a good novel, and observe how many of them this author possesses, we cannot but class him in the first rank of those who have given to the world these fictitious realities: we call them by this apparent contradiction because, although the story may be mere invention, the characters concerned in its progress are described with such truth and accuracy, as to have all the freshness and reality of life. Smollett was always a caricaturist, and Fielding sometimes a libeller of human nature; but this author paints her as she is, with her frailties, her follies, her affections, and her passions, without exaggeration: if he have not the humour of Smollett he is also without his grossness, and if he do not possess the cutting wit of Fielding, he is free from his frequent misrepresentations. It is a much easier task to describe prospects which few have seen, and situations which none have witnessed, where experience cannot contradict assertion, than to paint scenes of every day's occurrence, and manners of which all are competent to judge; yet in the latter lies the principal merit of the author before us, who has done for Scotland what Miss Edgeworth has accomplished for Ireland, and what, we are sorry to say, can never be effected for England. Arts, commerce, manufactures, and the intercourse they have occasioned, have rubbed down our ancient points and roughnesses of varied character, and have given a

uniform smoothness and polish which has destroyed, if we may so speak, nearly all that was picturesque in the habits of our forefathers.

We shall not attempt to give an abridgment of this interesting story, which, though not always well conducted, combines some of the wonders of romance with the simplicity of unaffected narrative, and the amusing and inartificial scenes of honest poverty. It must indeed be a meagre fable that would bear compression into a few pages, although in this case that has been made subservient to the more important design of giving a faithful representation of manners and peculiarities. We shall, however, preface our extracts with such explanations as may be necessary to give them some portion of the effect they produce in the original. Lovel, the hero, and Oldbuck, the antiquary, travel together from Edinburgh to Fairport, a town on the sea side towards the north of Scotland. The first is of course a young man with a handsome face and genteel deportment, and the last is a middle aged, rather hasty bachelor with a considerable portion of good nature and shrewdness, and an ardent devotion to Antiquities of all kinds, but more particularly to old books; he is pleased with the good sense and information of his companion, and invites him to his house, called Monkbarns, of which estate he is the Laird. The young man is there introduced to the Antiquary's *Sanctum Sanctorum*, which is humourously described: Oldbuck thus speaks of himself and his pursuits:—

“ ‘ Even I, sir, though far inferior in industry, and discernment, and presence of mind to that great man, can shew you a few, a very few things, which I have collected, not by force of money as any wealthy man might,—although, as my friend Lucian says, he might chance to throw away his coin only to illustrate his ignorance,—but gained in a manner that shews I know something of the matter. See this bundle of ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them an hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her psalm-book. Tobacco, sir, snuff, and the Complete Syren, were the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the Complaynt of Scotland, I sat out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who, in gratitude, bequeathed it to me by his last will. These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, Saint Mary's Wynd,—wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and trokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling upon a halfpenny, lest, by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price, he should be led to

suspect the value I set upon the article!—how have I trembled, lest some passing stranger should chop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall, as a rival amateur, or prowling bookseller in disguise!—And then, Mr. Lovel, the sly satisfaction with which one pays the consideration and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference while the hand is trembling with pleasure!—then to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and emulous rivals by shewing them such a treasure as this—(displaying a little black smoked book about the size of a primer)—to enjoy their surprise and envy, shrouding meanwhile under a veil of mysterious consciousness our own superior knowledge and dexterity—these, my young friend, these are the white moments of life, that repay the toil, and pains, and sedulous attention, which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands!

“Lovel was not a little amused at hearing the old gentleman run on in this manner, and, however incapable of entering into the full merits of what he beheld, he admired, as much as could have been expected, the various treasures which Oldbuck exhibited. Here were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last and best; here was a book valued because it had the author’s final improvements, and there another which (strange to tell!) was in request because it wanted them. One was precious because it was a folio, another because it was a duodecimo; some because they were tall, some because they were short; the merit of this lay in the title-page, of that in the arrangement of the letters in the word *Finis*. There was, it seemed, no peculiar distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a volume, providing the indispensable quality of scarcity or rare occurrence, was attached to it.”

These observations are severe, but the most opiniated and resolute Nimrod of book-stalls and book-sales cannot deny that they are in the main just: in some respects they scarcely come up to the truth, and do not sufficiently ridicule the rage for rubbish which has prevailed. Enquiries into the history and antiquities of our literature are most important, but the excess to which the pursuit has been carried by a few individuals is quite ludicrous. Some persons imagine that this malady, this madness, as it is called, like other species of insanity, is of recent growth in England, but the following extract from Barclay’s “*Ship of Fools*,” first printed in 1509, will shew that at least it has antiquity on its side. The author is speaking of a character named a book worm.

“In this ship the chief place I govern,
By this wide sea with follies wandering;
The cause is plain and easy to discern—
Still I am busy book assembling.”

CRIT. REV. VOL. III. *May*, 1816.

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For to have plenty is a pleasant thing,
 In my conceit, and to have them aye in hand,
 But what they mean I do not understand.

"But yet I have them in great reverence,
 And honour, saving them from filth and ordure,
 By often brushing and much diligence;
 Full goodly bound in pleasant coverture
 Of domas, satin, or else of velvet pure:

I keep them sure fearing lest they should be lost
 For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast."

The Antiquary, though a man of considerable learning and acuteness, is frequently imposed upon, and while he is shewing in triumph to Lovel the remains of what he supposes a Roman entrenchment, for which he had given as many acres of fruitful arable ground, to his infinite mortification he is undeceived by Adam, familiarly called Edie Ochiltree, a sort of licensed mendicant, well known in Scotland, where no laws exist for the maintenance of the poor; he is described as of a tall commanding person, though bent with age, wearing "a slouched hat of huge dimensions; a long white beard which mingled with his grizzly hair; an aged but strongly marked countenance, hardened by climate and exposure, to a right brick-dust complexion; a long blue gown with a pewter badge on the right arm; two or three wallets or bags slung across his shoulder, for holding the different kinds of meal, when he received his charity in kind, from those who were but a degree richer than himself,—all these marked at once a beggar by profession, and one of those privileged class which are called in Scotland the king's Beads-men, or vulgarly blue-gowns." This old man is a very striking figure, and afterwards fills a most important part in this novel: his character is admirably sustained throughout: he is poor, because he prefers to be idle, and to roam at large over the country, where he is known and respected: he is honest because his wants are few, and his least want money: he is both humorous and good humoured, because he has no cares: he is benevolent and kind-hearted from disposition, and he has a freedom of speech and a slight love of satire, which are encouraged by the independence of his dependent situation; for as he truly says, he is independent because he depends upon the whole district, and not upon the favour of a single individual.

The following is a specimen of the eloquence of this old man, when endeavouring to dissuade Lovel and a young Highlander from fighting a duel.

"The old man drew himself up to the full advantage of his uncommon height, and, in despite of his dress, which indeed had

more of the pilgrim than the ordinary beggar, looked, from height, manner, and emphasis of voice and gesture, rather like a grey palmer, or eremite preacher, the ghostly counsellor of the young men who were round him, than the object of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as homely as his habit, but as bold and unceremonious as his erect and dignified demeanour. 'What are ye come here for, young men?' he said, addressing himself to the surprised audience; 'are ye come amongst the most lovely works of God to break his laws?—Have ye left the works of man, the houses and the cities that are but clay and dust, like those that built them; and are ye come here among the peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last whiles aught earthly shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, by the course of nature, to make up a lang account at the close o't? O sirs! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers that hae tended ye, and mothers that hae travailed for ye, friends that hae ca'd ye like a piece o' their ain heart? And is this the way ye tak to make them childless and brotherless and friendless?—Ohon! it's an ill fight whar he that wins has the wast o't. Think o'nt, bairns—I' a puir man—but I'm an auld man too, and what my poverty takes awa' frae the weight o' my counsel, grey hairs and a truthfu' heart should add it twenty times—Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads—the French will be ower to harry us ane o' thae days, and ye'll hae fighting eneugh, and may be auld Edie will hirple out himsel if he can get a feal-dike to lay his gun ower, and may live to tell ye whilk o' ye does the best where there's a good cause afore ye.' "

Lovel is an admirer of the daughter of Sir Arthur Wardour, a poor but proud Laird of the vicinity, and this is supposed to be his inducement for visiting Fairport, though his fortune, his occupation, and his family, remain a secret; he had previously seen Miss Wardour in Yorkshire. It will appear singular that we are not able to extract any description of the hero or the heroine, but the truth is that none is given; instead of following the hacknied example of ordinary novelists by inserting a minute picture of the colour of the lady's hair or of her eyes, of the turn of her neck, of the fall of her shoulders, of the form of her arm, or of the general proportion of her figure, the reader is left to guess at her perfections both mental and personal by the degree of attention and attachment she excites. At the same time it must be allowed that the author is not so happy in his female as his male characters, and the latter are prominent in proportion to their singularities. Perhaps reasonable fault may be found with Mr. Forbes for not interesting the reader more in behalf of the hero and heroine, and it is an error more especially obvious in "*Guy Mannering*." In the present work, during a whole volume, Lovel is scarcely men-

tioned, being obliged to fly in consequence of a duel with the nephew of Oldbuck; and though the wit, talent, and satire, of Miss Wardour are highly extolled, we are obliged to take it all for granted without any proof from the beginning to the end. Lovel is represented as gentle yet courageous, and perhaps the most interesting incident throughout, is contained in the first volume, in which, by his intrepidity in descending the precipice of a cliff by a rope, he saves the life of his mistress and her father, who would otherwise have been swallowed up by the rising and raging tide of the sea on a stormy night. The importance given to this rescue by the fearful manner in which it is related in the early part of the first volume, is perhaps too great when compared with the events that subsequently are detailed. We extract a part of the relation.

“The fishers had brought with them the mast of a boat, and as half of the country fellows about had now appeared, either out of zeal or curiosity, it was soon sunk in the ground, and sufficiently secured. A yard, across the upright mast, and a rope stretched along it, and reeved through a block at each end, formed an extempore crane, which afforded the means of lowering an arm-chair, well secured and fastened, down to the flat shelf on which the sufferers had roosted. Their joy at hearing the preparations going on for their deliverance was considerably qualified, when they beheld the precarious vehicle, by means of which they were to be conveyed to upper air. It swung about a yard free of the spot which they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope, which, in the increasing darkness, had dwindled to an almost imperceptible thread. Besides the risk of committing a human being to the vacant atmosphere in such a slight means of conveyance, there was the fearful danger of the chair and its occupant being dashed, either by the wind or the vibrations of the cord, against the rugged face of the precipice. But to diminish the risk as much as possible, the experienced seamen had let down with the chair another line, which, being attached to it, and held by the persons beneath, might serve, by way of *gy*, as Mucklebackit expressed it, to render its ascent in some measure steady and regular. Still, to commit one's self in such a vehicle, through a howling tempest of wind and rain, with a beetling precipice above, and a raging abyss below, required that courage which despair alone can inspire. Yet wild as the sounds and sights of danger were, both above, beneath, and around, and doubtful and dangerous as the mode of escaping appeared to be, Lovel and the old mendicant agreed, after a moment's consultation, and after the former, by a sudden strong pull, had, at his own imminent risk, ascertained the security of the rope, that it would be best to secure Miss Wardour in the chair, and trust to the ten-

derness and care of those above for her being safely craned up to the top of the crag.

" 'Let my father go first,' exclaimed Isabella; 'for God's sake, my friends place him first in safety.'

" 'It cannot be, Miss Wardour,' said Lovell; 'your life must be first secured—the rope which bears your weight may,'—

" 'I will not listen to a reason so selfish.'

" 'But ye maun listen to it, my bonny lassie,' said Ochiltree, 'for a' our lives depend on it—besides, when ye get on the tap o' the heugh yonder, ye can gie them a round guess o' what's ganging on in this Patmos o' ours—and Sir Arthur's far by that, as I am thinking.'

" 'Struck with the truth of this reasoning, she exclaimed, 'True, most true; I am ready and willing to undertake the first risk—What shall I say to our friends above?'

" 'Just to look that their tackle does not graze on the face o' the craig, and to let the chair down, and draw it up hoolly and fairly—we will halloo when we are ready.'

" 'With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child, Lovel bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief, neckcloth, and the mendicant's leathern belt, to the back and arms of the chair, ascertaining accurately the security of each knot, while Ochiltree kept Sir Arthur quiet. 'What are ye doing wi' my bairn?—What are ye doing?—She shall not be separated from me—Isabel, stay with me, I command you.'

" 'Lordsake, Sir Arthur, haud your tongue, and be thankful to God that there's wiser folk than you to manage this job,' cried the beggar, worn out by the unreasonable exclamations of the poor baronet.

" 'Farewell, my father,' murmured Isabel—'farewell my—my friends,' and, shutting her eyes, as Edie's experience recommended, she gave the signal to Lovel, and he to those who were above. She rose, while the chair in which she sate was kept steady by the line which Lovel managed beneath. With a beating heart he watched the flutter of her white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the precipice.

" 'Canny now, lads, canny now!' exclaimed Old Mucklebackit, who acted as commodore, 'swerve the yard a bit—Now—there she sits safe on dry land!'

" A loud shout announced the successful experiment to her fellow-sufferers beneath, who replied with a ready and cheerful halloo. Monkbarns, in his extacy of joy, stripped his great-coat to wrap up the young lady, and would have pulled off his coat and waistcoat for the same purpose, had he not been withheld by the cautious Caxon. 'Haud a care o' us, your honour will be killed wi' the hoast—ye'll no get of your night-cowl this fortnight—and that will suit us unco ill.—Na, na—there's the chariot down bye, let twa o' the folk carry the young lady there.' "

At the latter end of the second volume we are introduced to a new character, the Earl of Glanallan, a catholic peer of Scotland, who had secluded himself from the world to do penance for the supposed crime of incest with Eveline Neville, whom he had secretly married about twenty-five years before, and by whom he had had a son, of whose fate he was ignorant. It turns out afterwards, however, that he was innocent, that the young lady was no relation to him, and that his mother, a haughty and proud countess, had fabricated a story that she was his sister, in order to prevent the union. For about five and twenty years, therefore, he had mortified himself for this imaginary offence, but on the death of his mother, an old confidante whom she had made party to the secret, sends a token ring to Lord Glenallan, by old Edie Ochiltree, in order that she might procure an interview with his lordship, and declare him guiltless. We insert the account of the reception of Ochiltree by the gloomy earl.

“The ancient forms of mourning were observed in Glenallan-house, notwithstanding the obduracy with which the members of the family were popularly supposed to refuse to the dead the usual tribute of lamentation. It was remarked, that when she received the fatal letter announcing the death of her second, and, as was once believed, her favourite son, her hand did not shake, nor her eye-lid twinkle, any more than upon perusal of a letter of ordinary business. Heaven only knows whether the suppression of maternal sorrow, which her pride commaded, might not have some effect in hastening her own death. It was at least generally supposed, that the apoplectic stroke, which so soon afterwards terminated her existence, was, as it were the vengeance of outraged nature for the restraint to which her feelings had been subjected. But although Lady Glenallan forbore the usual external signs of grief, she had caused many of the apartments, amongst others her own and that of the Earl, to be hung with the exterior trappings of woe.

“The Earl of Glenallan was therefore seated in an apartment hung with black cloth, which waved in dusky folds along its lofty walls. A screen, also covered with black baize, placed towards the high and narrow window, intercepted much of the broken light which found its way through the stained glass, that represented with such skill as the fourteenth century possessed, the life and sorrows of the prophet Jeremiah. The table at which the Earl was seated was lighted with two lamps wrought in silver, shedding that unpleasant and doubtful light which arises from the mingling of artificial lustre with that of general day-light. The same table displayed a silver crucifix, and one or two clasped parchment books. A large picture, exquisitely painted by Spag-

noletto, represented the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and was the only ornament of the apartment.

"The inhabitant and lord of this disconsolate chamber was a man not past the prime of life, yet so broken down with disease and mental misery, so gaunt and ghastly, that he appeared but a wreck of manhood; and when he hastily arose and advanced toward his visitor, the exertion seemed almost to overpower his emaciated frame. As they met in the midst of the apartment, the contrast they exhibited was very striking. The hale cheek, firm step, erect stature, and undaunted presence and bearing of the old mendicant, indicated patience and content in the extremity of age, and in the lowest condition to which humanity can sink; while the sunken eye, pallid cheek, and tottering form of the nobleman with whom he was confronted, shewed how little wealth, power, and even the advantages of youth, have to do with that which gives repose to the mind, and firmness to the frame.

"The Earl met the old man in the middle of the room, and having commanded his attendant to withdraw into the gallery, and suffer no one to enter the anti-chamber till he rung the bell, awaited, with hurried yet fearful impatience, until he heard first the door of his apartment, and then that of the anti-chamber, shut and fastened by the spring-bolt. When he was satisfied with this security against being over-heard, Lord Glenallan came close up to the mendicant, whom he probably mistook for some person of a religious order in disguise, and said, in a hasty yet faltering tone, 'In the name of all our religious holds most holy, tell me, reverend father, what I am to expect from a communication, opened by a token connected with such horrible recollections?'

"The old man, appalled by a manner so different from what he had expected from the proud and powerful nobleman, was at a loss how to answer, and in what manner to undeceive him—'Tell me,' continued the Earl, in a tone of increasing trepidation and agony—'tell me, do you come to say, that all that has been done to expiate guilt so horrible, has been too little and too trivial for the offence, and to point out new and more efficacious modes of severe penance?—I will not blench from it, father,—let me suffer the pains of my crime here in the body, rather than hereafter in the spirit!'

The confidante of the late Countess above mentioned, Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot, is at this time in the extreme of dotage; she lives with her son, a fisherman, and his young family, merely occupying a place by the fire of the hut, and only giving signs of life by the mechanical motion of a spindle which she turns, and the utterance of a few incoherent words, which betray that there is a secret heavily pressing upon her heart. Her education had been attended to in her youth by her patroness, and her person retained a majesty in its ruin and decay:

Though in her second childhood upon all other topics, the mention of the family of Glenallan seemed to recall her faculties and the painful recollection of the cause of the weight upon her conscience. Of her interview with the emaciated Earl, whom with difficulty she recognised after the lapse of so long a period, she convinces him that he is not guilty of the dreadful crime he feared he had committed, but she soon after dies with the impression that she and the Countess had occasioned the death of Eveline Neville, who in despair cast herself from the lofty cliffs into the sea. Oldbuck and Edie Ochiltree had come to the cottage to obtain a circumstantial statement of the facts she had disclosed to the Earl, but it is prevented by the sudden death of the old woman, which is thus related:—

“ ‘ Weel, gudewife, I did your errand to the Yerl.’ ”

“ ‘ To what Earl? I ken nae Earl; I ken’d a Countess ance—I wish to heaven I had never ken’d her! for by that acquaintance, neighbour, there cam,’—and she counted her withered fingers as she spoke—‘ first pride, then malice, then revenge, then false witness; and murther tirl’d at the door-pin if he cam na ben—And were na thae pleasant guests, think ye, to take up their quarters in ae woman’s heart? I trow there was routh o’ company.’ ”

“ ‘ But, cummer, it wasna the Countess of Glenallan, I meant, but her son, him that was Lord Geraldin.’ ”

“ ‘ I mind it now,’ she said; ‘ I saw him no that lang syne, and we had a heavy speech thegither.—Eh, sirs, the comely young lord is turned as auld and frail as I am—it’s muckle that sorrow and heartbreak, and crossing of true love, will do wi’ young blood—But suldna his mither hae lookit to that hersel?—We were but to do her bidding, ye ken—I am sure there’s naebody can blame me—he was na my son, and she was my mistress—ye ken how the rhyme says—I hae maist forgotten how to sing, or else the tune’s left my auld head:—

“ ‘ He turn’d him right and round again,
Said, scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne’er anither.’ ”

“ ‘ Then he was but of the half blude, ye ken, and her’s was the right Glenallan after a’. Na, na, I maun never mane doing and suffering for the Countess Joscelin. Never will I mane for that.’ ”

“ ‘ Then drawing her flax from the distaff, with the dogged air of one who is resolved to confess nothing, she resumed her interrupted occupation.

“ ‘ I hae heard,’ said the mendicant, taking his cue from what Oldbuck had told him of the family history, ‘ hae heard, cummer, that some ill tongue suld hae come between the Earl and his young bride.’ ”

" ' Ill tongue ! ' she said, in hasty alarm, ' and what had she to fear frae an ill tongue ?—she was gude and fair aneugh—at least a' body said sae ; but had she keepit her ain tongue aff ither folk, she might hae been living like a leddy for a' that's come and gane yet.'

" ' But I hae heard say, gudewife, there was a clatter in the country, that her husband and her were ower sibb when they married.'

" ' Wha durst speak o' that ? ' said the old woman hastily ; ' Wha durst say they were married ?—Wha ken'd o' that ?—not the Countess—not I—if they wedded in secret, they were severed in secret ; they drank of the fountains of their ain deceit.'

" ' No, wretched beldame,' exclaimed Oldbuck, who could keep silence no longer, ' they drank the poison that you and your wicked mistress prepared for them.'

" ' Ha, ha ! ' she replied, ' I aye thought it would come to this ; it's but sitting silent when they examine me—there's nae torture in our days ; and if there is, let them rend me !—It's ill o' the vassal's mouth that betrays the bread it eats.'

" ' Speak to her, Edie,' said the Antiquary, ' she knows your voice, and answers to it most readily.'

" ' We shall mak naething mair out o' her,' said Ochiltree. ' When she has clinkit hersel down that way, and faulded her arms, she winna speak a word, they say, for weeks thegither. And besides, to my thinking, her face is sair changed since we cam in. However, I'll try her ance mair to satisfy your honour. So ye canna keep in mind, cummer, that your auld mistress, the Countess Joscelin, has been removed ?'

" ' Removed ! ' she exclaimed ; for that name never failed to produce its usual effect upon her, ' then we maun a' follow. A' maun ride when she is in the saddle—tell them to let Lord Geraldin ken we're on before them—bring my hood and scarf—ye wadna hae me gang in the carriage wi' my leddy, and my hair in this fashion.'

" She raised her shrivelled arms, and seemed busied like a woman who puts on her cloak to go abroad, then dropped them slowly and stiffly ; and, the same idea of a journey still floating apparently through her head, she proceeded in a hurried and interrupted manner,— ' Call Miss Neville—What do you mean by Lady Geraldin ? I said Eveline Neville—not Lady Geraldin—there's no Lady Geraldin—tell her that, and bid her change her wet gown, and no' look sae pale. Bairn ! what should she do wi' a bairn ?—maidens hae nane, I trow. Teresa—Teresa—my lady calls us !—Bring a candle, the grand staircase is as mirk as a Yule midnight—we are coming, my lady ! ' With these words she sunk back on the settle, and from thence sidelong to the floor.

" Edie ran to support her, but hardly got her in his arms, before he said, ' It's a' ower—she has passed away even wi' that last word.' "

Besides the several persons whom we have already mentioned, there are other characters who are rendered prominent in the course of the relation; one of the most important of these is a German of the name of Dousterswivel, who, under the character of a man of science, insinuates himself into the favour of the enterprising Sir Arthur Wardour, induces the Baronet to embark in vast and ruinous mining speculations, and afterwards pretends to be able to retrieve the fortune of his patron by magical means of discovering hidden treasure. He is in fact a mere pretender and swindler, and his tricks and final exposure, chiefly through the agency of the old beggar, make very amusing episodes to relieve the more serious parts of the story. Hector M'Intyre, the nephew of Oldbuck, a Highland officer, of a fiery and generous disposition, who first fights the duel with Lovel, and afterwards entertains a warm friendship for him, has also much to do; indeed during the second volume, as we before observed, the attention is too frequently occupied by him while the hero is thrown into the shade and almost forgotten. Hector has a sister who does little and says little, and appears to be just one of those amiable women who neither do much good nor much harm in the world, but who fill a space in it that often might be more usefully occupied. She lives with her uncle Oldbuck as well as his maiden sister Miss Grizelda Oldbuck, a spinster considerably past the prime of life; she does not, however, make herself troublesome by setting her cap at all the young men that visit at her brother's, but confines her attentions to Mr. Blattergowl, the prosing clergyman of the parish. Another character who contributes frequently to the reader's entertainment, is Caxon, the barber of Fair-port, and *fac-totum* of Oldbuck; the exercise of his professional duties, however, is principally confined to the daily dressing of three wigs: those of Sir Arthur Wardour, of Mr. Blattergowl, and of Mr. Oldbuck, the only remaining relics of old times in the parish.

From this sketch it will be seen that at least the characters are sufficiently varied; by their choice from all classes and occupations the author of "the Antiquary" has enabled himself to describe the manners and peculiarities of persons of different habits and pursuits. This indeed has been his chief aim, for in the advertisement he says "I have been more solicitous to describe manners minutely than to arrange in any case an artificial and combined narration, and have but to regret that I felt myself unable to unite these two requisites of a good novel." We cannot admit that he has even failed in "the artificial and combined narration" in any very material

points, excepting those to which we have referred in the course of our extracts. The interest, perhaps, is a little too much divided, and not sufficiently confined to the hero and heroine to be according to strict rule, but we know no sufficient reason for the observance of that rule when any thing valuable can be gained by the disregard of it. Here very important objects are gained, and the wonder is that in the course of three widely printed volumes, the author has the power of making us feel alive to the welfare of so many individuals.

The winding up, or more properly the unwinding, the *denouement*, we think is not very well accomplished: it is done with great haste and wisely on one account, because the reader already anticipates the result. The mystery of the designs and connections of Lovel is kept up until the family of Glenallan is mentioned, and then the whole is cleared away; for as soon as we are informed that the Earl had a son by Miss Neville, who had not been heard of from his infancy, the conclusion is almost inevitable that Lovel is that son. The fact is, that there is no part of a novel more difficult than its conclusion, which can seldom be read with patience: if things fall out as expected, then it is called tedious, and if not, then it is termed unnatural; so that an author is in a sort of dilemma, unable to escape censure from one side or the other. Of the style in which the work is written a tolerable judgment may be formed from the passages we have introduced: the author has a strong, clear, and penetrating understanding, but he is not a wit—his jokes are few and common, and the frequent repetition of a piece of raillery regarding a *phoca* or seal, shews that he had not a store of others to supply its place. The Antiquary is now and then a little tedious in his discussions, but it cannot be said that many sentences are wasted. But few didactic passages are introduced, and those flow naturally from events or remarks without being forced or affected. The reader will not be displeased with the following short specimen from the first volume:—

“ When they reached the Green Room, as it was called, Oldbuck placed the candle on the toilet-table, before a huge mirror with a black japanned frame, surrounded by dressing-boxes of the same, and looked around him with something of a disturbed expression of countenance. ‘ I am seldom in this apartment,’ he said, ‘ and never without yielding to a melancholy feeling—not, of course, on account of the childish nonsense that Grizel was telling you, but owing to circumstances of an early and unhappy attachment. It is at such moments as these, Mr. Lovel, that we feel the changes of time. The same objects are before us—those

inanimate things which we have gazed on in wayward infancy and impetuous youth, in anxious and scheming manhood—they are permanent and the same; but when we look upon them in cold unfeeling old age, can we, changed in our temper, our pursuits, our feelings,—changed in our form, our limbs, and our strength,—can we be ourselves called the same? or do we not rather look back with a sort of wonder upon our former selves, as beings separate and distinct from what we now are? The philosopher, who appealed from Philip inflamed with wine to Philip in his hours of sobriety, did not chuse a judge so different, as if he had appealed from Philip in his youth to Philip in his old age. I cannot but be touched with the feeling so beautifully expressed in a poem which I have heard repeated:*

“ My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirr'd,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in these days I heard.

“ Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what time takes away,
Than what he leaves behind.

“ ‘ Well, time cures every wound, and though the scar may remain and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its recent infliction is felt no more.’—So saying, he shook Lovel cordially by the hand, wished him good night, and took his leave.”

Viewing this novel as a whole, we incline to the opinion, that though it may be ranked before “*Waverly*,” it is decidedly inferior to “*Guy Mannering*.” There are some imitations of the latter in different parts, and the whole character of Adam Ochiltree may be said very much to resemble that of *Meg-Merilies*: the gypsy, however, is more strongly marked, and the air of supernatural mysticism which forms so important a feature in her, is wanting in the mendicant and given in a degree to old Elspeth. All the chapters are headed by quotations chiefly from old plays; they are apt and generally eloquent, and though the reading of our author does not seem very extensive in this way, yet he has made ample use of the knowledge he possesses. Nothing can more tend to give a nervous thoughtful style to a writer than the study of those venerable contributors to the stage.

* Probably Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* had not as yet been published.

ART. VIII.—*A Sermon preached at the Cathedral Church of Winchester, at the Lent Assizes, 1816, holden for the County of Southampton, before the Honourable Mr. Baron GRAHAM and the Honourable Mr. Justice PARKE, with an Appendix and Notes. By the Rev. FREDERICK IREMONGER, A.M. F.L.S. Jacob, Winchester, 1816.*

IN respect to the condition of the poor, there never was a time in which there was so much fair promise of improvement; and when we reflect that persons in this situation constitute the great mass of every community, we shall duly appreciate its importance. The state of mendicity is not left as a matter of inquiry, either speculative or practical, to benevolent individuals, but has been submitted to parliamentary examination, and we are now assisted by the minutes of the evidence taken before a Committee of the House of Commons on this subject. The acquaintance with facts obtained by such means, should precede all steps taken to redress the evil; and if it be found, that ignorance is the principal cause both of penury and crime, increased exertions are applied to extend the best modes of education. Thus useful knowledge may be generally acquired, and what is almost equally valuable, that link of connection may be preserved unbroken, by which society should at all times be held together; so that if different ranks be necessary to its perfect organization, there may be no perceptible barrier between the great and the little, or the variations may be so gradual, as to be distinguishable only by a comparison of the extremes.

The text for this sermon is from the 9th Psalm and the 12th verse: "Oh, let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee;" and the professed object is to produce more attention to the internal management of jails, particularly to the treatment of young offenders; and there are few things that deserve more serious regard, but preventive justice is among the exceptions.

The preacher, in adverting to the cause of atrocity, speaks perhaps in language somewhat too technical for those uninstructed in our religious phraseology, of "the vileness of mere man," and "the necessity of the Divine aid to save them from themselves." It would be extremely difficult for such persons to understand in what this vileness consisted, or what is this mystic division from which self-enmity is assumed, and danger consequently incurred. We would most earnestly recommend to those who undertake the instruction of the poor, to imitate

the simplicity of the sermon on the Mount, which was not addressed to doctors in the Temple, or sectarian disputants out of it, but to the laborious and illiterate, and to them directness and plainness is alone intelligible. The Christian religion is a collection of useful truths, not a bundle of useless mysteries; and is what Cudworth, Wilkins, More, and Whitecote would represent it, or as Burnet expresses himself in reference to such pious teachers, it is suited to raise those who conversed with them to a nobler sort of thoughts, and "to teach a doctrine sent from God both to elevate and sweeten human nature."

The author seems to suppose that there is some cloud suspended over the moral world which in our day is more diffused, more dark and more threatening; and that mankind is more profligate than at former periods:

"From a thoughtless violation of the third and fourth commandments, vice gains too frequently an unsuspecting victim, leads him by imperceptible degrees to trample on the rest, and finally involves him in robbery, debauchery, and murder. The experience of the last twenty years has brought these awful truths home to the bosom of every one of us."

We apprehend there is nothing peculiar in this experience, but that for twenty, two hundred, and two thousand years, the complaint of human depravity has equally existed. We object to this cry against the present age, because it promotes an asperity of disposition towards our contemporaries that obstructs our benevolence, because it partakes of the clamour of enthusiasts, who like empirics, magnify the disease to increase the merit of the cure; but above all, because it is inconsistent with the sacredness of truth, which can never be violated with impunity. We cannot avoid considering that the mind even of the author of this discourse, from such gloomy views of the age, has given a picture of demoniacal ferocity which neither belongs to our times or to our nature; true it is that "armed depredators have sallied forth in search of nightly plunder," but he adds "the shedding of a neighbour's blood, instead of exciting sentiments of horror, is considered a matter of triumph and exultation." In another passage the heat of indignation would dry up in a moment all the milk of human kindness, and send our fellow-beings to the forest for their companions.

"Man in such a state, is a dangerous and destructive animal; cowardly, unfeeling, furious: like other beasts of prey, he seizes and devours his defenceless object, *infamously gratified by the very screams of terror and the shriek of death.*"

But we will not misapply our pages by a vindication of the species from such calumnies—we had rather pursue the inquiry with the Reverend Gentleman into what are the means of reformation, not indeed of such monsters as he represents, for they would be incapable of all reform, but of those mixed beings compounded of good and evil, in whom the former, we believe, preponderates, even within the walls of a prison.

For this purpose it will be more convenient to leave the sermon, and to proceed to the interesting information supplied in the appendix; but before we quit the discourse, we must do Mr. Iremonger the justice to remark, that whatever may be his humiliating notions of man's nature, he is most anxious for its exaltation; that whatever may be the doubt with which we hear some of his sentiments, we listen to all his facts with confidence, and that we see nothing of that languid triteness, that puny scholarship, and supercilious feebleness, which are the characteristics of most of our modern sermons. His direct object is to assist his fellow-creatures under the calamities they endured, from which he never deviates but to express his hatred of iniquity, and his veneration of the doctrine and discipline of the church to which he belongs.

In the first section of the Appendix, the Savings Banks, which are now under legislative regulation, are recommended on the ground taken by Mr. Whitbread, who in the exercise of his masculine understanding, had studied human nature under all its conditions and relations, and who observed, that when the poor acquired something of their own, and thus advanced one step towards independence, they went on to improve their condition, and became the most active and meritorious members of society.

The second and third sections are explanatory of the state of mendicity in the metropolis, and of the prevalence of youthful delinquency; in which there is much useful information. The fourth refers to the two excellent institutions, "The Refuge for the Destitute," and "The Philanthropic Society;" from the former of which, during the nine years since its establishment, seven hundred persons of different ages have been restored to society, who would probably have perished under the stroke of vindictive justice.

The fifth and sixth sections notice the Act of the 55th of the King, and the practice in Holland from Mr. Howard's work. That statute is to provide clergymen to attend upon the prisoners at the discretion of the magistrates assembled in quarter sessions.

The seventh section refers to the authority given to justices to supply a stock of materials for the prisoners to work upon, to be paid for out of the county rate; and it is a most useful regulation. If we are rightly informed, in the jails of the United States of America, the prisoners are not only afforded the materials to work at their respective trades, but shoemaking and other useful handicrafts, are taught within the walls of the prison; and so general is the occupation, that the establishments are wholly maintained by it, and competent rewards are given to those who thus contribute by their labours in proportion to their talents and exertions. In some situations in the Republic there are shops and warehouses exclusively applied to the sale of the commodities manufactured by the prisoners. It is not an uncommon circumstance in these hives of industry, for the prisoners to conduce to the support of those families by their activity, which by their indolence were starving when the husband was not exposed to the same restraint.

The eighth and ninth sections advert to the state of religious instruction in France, and to Dr. Brewster's assize sermon on religious improvement in prisons. It will be learnt with pleasure that a school has been introduced into Newgate for the benefit especially of young offenders, and that its beneficial effects are perfectly ascertained.

ART. IX.—*Christabel; Kubla Khan, a Vision; and the Pains of Sleep.* By S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq. 8vo. Pp. 64. London, for J. Murray, 1816.

THERE is no quality of the mind more despicable than that love of censure and ridicule which has its origin in our own weakness, and which hunts for faults or singularities, not for the purpose of amending them, but for the sake of gratifying an imaginary superiority: those who thus flatter their vanity by reducing genius to the degraded level of their own understandings, who “damn the worth they cannot imitate,” may find in the fragment before us some food to satisfy their diseased appetite; while those on the other hand who are hopeful yet humble, emulous yet not envious, who triumph in every fresh display of talent and genius as a fresh incentive to exertion, will read with generous enthusiasm the pages upon our table. If we had no other reason for so thinking, than the rapid sale of this poem, we should judge that the latter are a very numerous class: to the former Ben Jonson alludes in his *Discoveries*

where he says that "Critics are a sort of Tinkers, who ordinarily make more faults than they mend." As it is a maxim of the criminal law of England, that it is better to find one man innocent than to convict ten men as guilty, so it ought to be a maxim of the critical law of literature, that it is more advantageous to point out one beauty than to discover ten deformities.

We apprehend that the most fastidious would find much more to praise than to blame in this newly published effort; but reading it in the wholesome spirit to which we have above referred, the defects will appear to bear a most insignificant proportion to the perfections: we could, it is true, point out expressions that might have been better turned, and lines that perhaps might have been better omitted; but deviations are not necessarily defects, and peculiarities may either be those of excellence or of error.

"Christabel" is a romantic fragment; the first part, as the author informs us, having been written in 1797, and the second in 1800, during which interval Mr. Coleridge visited Germany, still retaining the fabric of the complete story in his mind "with the wholeness no less than with the liveliness of a vision," and as the vivid impression continues to the present day, he undertakes "to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year." We sincerely hope that this promise will be realized, but we fear that the task will be at least wearisome to a man of the listless habits of Mr. Coleridge. For ourselves we confess, that when we read the story in M.S. two or three years ago, it appeared to be one of those dreamlike productions whose charm partly consisted in the undefined obscurity of the conclusion—what that conclusion may be, no person who reads the commencement will be at all able to anticipate. The reader, before he opens the poem, must be prepared to allow for the superstitions of necromancy and sorcery, and to expect something of the glorious and unbounded range which the belief in these mysteries permits; the absurd trammels of mere physical possibility are here thrown aside, like the absurd swaddling clothes of infants, which formerly obstructed the growth of the fair symmetry of nature.

The lady Christabel, in consequence of ill-boding dreams, repairs at midnight in April to the forest, a furlong from the castle of Sir Leoline, her father, and while in the fearlessness of innocence she is engaged in prayer "for the weal of her lover that's far away," she hears behind the old oak, at the foot of which she is kneeling, a low moan.

"The night is chill—the forest bare;
 Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
 There is not wind enough in the air,
 To move away the ringlet curl
 From the lovely lady's cheek—
 There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can,
 Hanging so light and hanging so high
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

It was impossible to select two circumstances that more perfectly shewed the dead calmness of the night. Christabel stealing to the other side of the tree, beholds a lovely lady in distress, who informs her that her name is Geraldine, that she had been conveyed to the forest by five warriors, and that she had lain there devoid of sense, till awakened by the distant sound of a castle bell. Christabel thus takes compassion on the unhappy lady.

"Sir Leoline is weak in health,
 And may not awakened be;
 So to my room we'll creep in stealth
 And you to-night must sleep with me.
 They cross'd the moat and Christabel
 Took the key that fitted well;
 A little door she opened straight,
 All in the middle of the gate;
 The gate was iron'd within and without,
 Where an army in battle array had march'd out.

What a beautiful picture is here afforded of these two delicate and lovely females passing the iron'd gate, contrasted with an army in battle array, that had shortly before marched through it. Geraldine faints at the gate, but is revived by her companion, who afterwards requires her to join in praise to the Virgin who had rescued her in the forest.

"Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
 I cannot pray for weariness."

The truth is that she is one of those evil ministers, who are fancifully supposed for a time to obtain power over the innocent. The manner in which the reader is prepared for this disclosure is gradual and beautiful, though it fails at first to alarm the unsuspecting Christabel. The first indication we have above given—the next is an involuntary and angry moan made by an old faithful mastiff that lay asleep in one of the baillies of the castle: a third is thus conveyed:—

" They pass'd the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will,
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying ;
But when the lady pass'd there came
A tongue of light a fit of flame ;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
But nothing else she saw thereby."

The distinguishing of Geraldine's bright eye reflecting back the flame, is a most effective finish. When they reach the chamber of Christabel, the weary Geraldine again sinks to the floor, and is again recovered. Her evil designs are soon afterwards fully disclosed when she appears to be contending for masterdom with the unseen spirit of the dead mother of Christabel.

Geraldine requested Christabel to unrobe, while she pretended to employ herself in prayer; the daughter of Sir Leoline complied, " and lay down in her loveliness."

" But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close ;
So half way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at lady Geraldine—
Beneath the lamp the lady bow'd,
And slowly roll'd her eyes around ;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast :
Her silken robe and inner vest
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold ! her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of not to tell
And she is to sleep with Christabel."

By a poetical and most judicious abruption the poet leaves it to the imagination of the reader to figure what terrible and disgusting sight presented itself to Christabel. Geraldine then pressed Christabel to her bosom, where worked a spell that restrained the utterance of what she had just beheld. After a night of fearful visions, Christabel awakes, and finding the lady Geraldine sleeping in renovated beauty at her side, she imagines she had but dreamt what had given her such alarm. She introduces Geraldine to her father, Sir Leoline, who learns that she was the daughter of Sir Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine, and then follow these lines, finer than any in the language upon

the same subject, with which we are acquainted, more especially the noble image at the end.

" Alas they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny, and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanc'd, as I divine
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother ;
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been."

Pity for Geraldine supersedes all other considerations, and Sir Leoline swears to revenge her wrongs : he summons his Bard, Bracy, whom he commands to repair to the castle of Lord Roland, to inform him of the safety of his daughter, but Bracy alleges as a reason for postponement, a dream he had had, that he had seen the gentle dove of Christabel struggling with a green serpent round its neck in the forest, and as he fancied that some " thing unblest " lingered there, he had vowed to expel it by music. While the bard was relating his dream, Geraldine turned towards her victim ;

" And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
 Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
 And with somewhat of malice and more of dread
 At Christabel she look'd askance ***.
 The maid alas ! her thoughts are gone,
 She nothing sees—no sight but one !
 The maid devoid of guile and sin,
 I know not how in fearful wise
 So deeply had she drunken in
 That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
 That all her features were resign'd
 To this sole image in her mind :
 And passively did imitate
 That look of dull and treacherous hate.
 And thus she stood in dizzy trance
 Still picturing that look askance,

With fore'd unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view—
As far as such a look could be
In eyes so innocent and blue.

When she awoke from this trance, she entreated her father to send Geraldine away, but the powerful spell prevented her from assigning any reason, and Sir Leoline who had marked this "look of dull and treacherous hate," which was the mere reflection of Geraldine's countenance on the pure mirror of his daughter's face, is instantly struck with the conviction that Christabel is the serpent of whom Bracy had dreamt, and Geraldine the innocent and trembling dove; for to Sir Leoline she appeared all beauty and simplicity. The fragment concludes with these lines:—

"His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quiver'd, his eyes were wild,
Dishonoured thus in his old age,
Dishonoured by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy,
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
He roll'd his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere—
Why Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence! The bard obey'd
And turning from his own sweet maid
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine."

We lament that our limits will not allow us to give more of this very graceful and fanciful poem, which we may say, without fear of contradiction, is enriched with more beautiful passages than have ever been before included in so small a compass. Nothing can be better contrasted than Christabel and Geraldine—both exquisite, but both different—the first all innocence, mildness, and grace; the last all dignity, grandeur, and majesty: the one with all those innate virtues, that working internally, mould the external shape to corresponding perfectness—the other possessing merely the charm of superficial excellence: the one the gentle soul-delighting Una—the other the seeming fair, but infamous Duessa.

Of the rich and luxuriant imagery with which this poem abounds, our imperfect sketch will afford but a faint idea, and we have been compelled to omit many descriptive passages of

the first order. For these we must refer to the original, assured that, after reading our extracts, none will throw it aside because they meet with a passage or two in the threshold not exactly according with their pre-conceived notions of excellence.

Kubla Khan, a Vision, is one of those pieces that can only speak for itself, but from "the Pains of Sleep" we cannot refrain from giving the following dreadful and powerful picture of a horrid dream.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud,
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendship crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortur'd me :
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong !
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still !
Desire with loathing strangely mix'd,
On wild and hateful objects fix'd.
Fantastic passions ! madning brawl !
And shame and terror over all !
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffered, or I did :
For all seem'd guilt, remorse, or woe,
My own or others still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame !

ART. IX.—*The Antiquities of Athens, measured and delineated.* By JAMES STEWART, F. R. S. & F. S. A. and NICHOLAS REVETT, *Painters and Architects.* Volume IV. folio. Taylor, 1816.

OF this splendid work three volumes are already known. The first proposals were published at Rome in 1748 or 1749, but in London not before 1751 ; they were repeated in 1755, and in 1762 the first volume made its appearance. The second volume was not issued from the press prior to Mr. Stuart's death in 1788, although it is dated 1787. The third was postponed until 1794. The present is the fourth and last, and is admitted in the Preface to contain nothing equal to some of the fine specimens of Grecian art detailed in the former volumes ; many of the subjects also, although visited and drawn by Messrs. Stuart and Rivett on the journey to Athens, are very

different from the preceding; and one of the principal scenes of the work now before us is at Pola, a city of Istria, founded by the Calchians, who followed Medea when she fled with Jason, and which at a subsequent period the place became a Roman colony, and was named *Pietas Julia*.*

In the Introduction is supplied some interesting biographical particulars of Messrs. Stuart and Revett. Mr. Stuart was born in London in the year 1713; he was the son of a mariner, and his father dying when he was very young, the family was supported by his exertions, and chiefly from the art and dexterity with which he painted fans. In 1742 he went to Rome to prosecute his studies as a painter, where he employed many years in acquiring the knowledge of his profession, and in 1755, we find him in London, after having explored the magnificent productions of ancient art in the city and vicinity of Athens. It is not ascertained that he acquired any patron in the architectural branch of his studies until 1762; but then his first volume appearing, many noble families were among his employers, and by the acquisition of the lucrative situation of surveyor to Greenwich Hospital, he was placed in a state of independence. One cause probably of the delay of the second volume of the *Antiquities* was, a dispute with Mr. Revett, who had been less successful in the world; and it was not until 26 years after this disagreement, that the public were gratified with that part of the work, Mr. Stuart himself, as we before intimated, not then being alive to witness its favourable reception. He died on the 2d February, 1788, and was buried in the church of St. Martin in the Fields.

Mr. Revett was the second son of John Revett, Esq. of Brandeston Hall, near Framlingham, in Suffolk. In 1742, he left England for Leghorn, from whence he proceeded to Sienna and Rome. At the latter place he completed his studies as a painter under Benefiale. In 1748, he was in habits of intimacy with Mr. Stuart, and with that gentleman he, during the summer of the same year, visited Naples. The first mention of drawing the antiquities of Athens, occurs in a letter to his father on the 6th January in the following year. Messrs. Revett and Stuart left Rome in March, 1750, to prosecute their undertaking, and the former quitted Athens on the 27th January, 1754. For an interval of ten years nothing is known of Mr. Revett, but in 1764, being then in England, he was engaged by the *Dilettanti Society* to visit and draw the antiquities of Ionia. An account of this journey was published by Dr. Chandler; and

* Pliny 3. c. 9. Meln. 2. c. 3, &c.

the principal objects of architecture are introduced into the two volumes of the *Ionian Antiquities*, excepting those at Athens, part of which have been published in the second and 3d volumes of the *Antiquities of Athens*; and the plates of the sculpture of the Parthenon, from the drawing of Mr. Pars, make part of the present volume. Mr. Revett died in London on the 1st June, 1804.

The first chapter opens with the description of the Amphitheatre of Pola, which Palladio notices as among the "*Edificii Bellissimi*" of this neighbourhood; its form is that of an ellipsis, in length about 436 feet, and in breadth 346. It is without the limits of the city, and is not, like the Coliseum of Rome, on a level, but on the western declivity of a hill, which a little below the surface is of solid rock. It is seen at a considerable distance by those who sail along the coast, and it gradually improves in its majestic character as the port is approached. The plates devoted to the illustration of this interesting subject are fourteen in number, four of them describing the western side, the interior, the plan, the elevation, and section, which are from the papers of Mr. Stuart; the rest are supplied by the Editor, who is inclined to think that this building had a portico at the upper part, according to the recommendation of Vitruvius in such structures, although he admits that no vestiges remain of the kind in any existing ruin with which he is acquainted.

The second chapter is applied to the Temple of Rome and Augustus at Pola. Palladio, referring to it, and another supposed to be dedicated to Diana, speaks of them as "*Due Templi de una medesima grandezza.*" The following is the account given by the Editor:—

"By their present appearance, it is evident that they were exactly alike, as well in size as in ornament, the porticos of both having ranged in the same line; and they have once been the principal ornament of that side of the forum which faced its entrance from the port. They are about seventy feet asunder; the interval is filled at present by an uncouth building, in which the *Proveditore* resides, and is called his palace. One of these temples was dedicated to Rome and Augustus; the other, now transformed into the kitchen and stables of the *Proveditore*, was, if we may credit the tradition of the place, dedicated to Diana."

On account of the identity in the appearance of the two temples, the Editor considers properly, that the description of more than one of them would be superfluous, and therefore the ten succeeding plates are confined to that of Augustus and

Rome. In these different views of the exterior are given ; and besides, we have the plan, elevations of the sides and portico, with dimensions and other useful particulars as to the base and pedestal of the columns.

The third chapter comprehends a very few lines of description, and ten plates of the arch of the Sergii at Pola.

" This arch is the interesting front of the southern gate of Pola, and is now called the *Porta Aurata*. It was built, as one of the inscriptions informs us, at the expense of a lady named *Salvia Postuma Sergii*, in honour, as it should seem, of three of her family ; for there are three pedestals on the top of the arch, each of which probably supported a statue of the person whose name is inscribed on it."

No light is afforded to ascertain the date of this structure beyond what the character of it contributes ; no reigning Emperor is named, and no period is any where mentioned. The stone is of the same kind as that employed on the Amphitheatre, but the edifice is inferior both in taste and execution to the Temple of Rome and Augustus. Neither will the family to which the arch is ascribed afford any assistance in this respect : it was Patrician, and was divided into numerous branches of the *Fidenates*, *Sili*, *Catilinæ*, *Nattæ*, *Ocellæ*, and *Planci*.* The structure, from its defects, may perhaps be referred to the time of the Emperor Adrian.

The sculpture of the Parthenon is included in the fourth chapter. This splendid monument of ancient art, the public have recently become in some degree acquainted with from the zeal and industry of the Earl of Elgin. In our observations on the report of the Parliamentary Committee, we have already invited attention to this interesting subject.† Twelve of the Metopes noticed in the plates are in the Elgin collection : it also contains forty pieces of the friese of the Cella ; and no doubt the acquisition of so many of the original materials to which this volume refers, diminishes the value of the descriptions. The proper time for the publication of this full account was in 1788, on the appearance of the second volume ; but Mr. Stuart confined himself merely to the different dresses and ornaments of the figures, when the whole of the sculpture of the frieze of this temple would have been extremely desirable.

The Parthenon was well known as a temple at Athens sacred to Minerva, which was destroyed during one of the Persian ex-

* There was a deformed youth of this name, very much admired by the ladies in Juvenal's time.

† See Critical Review, p. 413 of the present volume.

peditions. In the time of Pericles, when the arts in Greece had reached their greatest perfection, this edifice was rebuilt. As was natural at such a period, all appropriate ornaments were the embellishments of the structure, and the colossal statue of the goddess in gold and ivory from the hands of Phidias, was here raised as the most exquisite production of that extraordinary genius. The name of Hecatompodon has been given to the temple from its dimensions, which were 100 feet in each direction.

The plates to this part of the work are to the number of thirty-four; and of the five first the following explanation is given:—

“The pediments of the Parthenon were destroyed by a bomb, which fell on the temple in 1687, during the siege of Athens by the Venetians, and demolished the whole roof (vol. II. page 3.) M. Olier de Nointel, Ambassador from France to the Porte in 1670, employed a Flemish artist to make drawings of the sculpture of this building, and particularly of that in the pediments. These drawings appear not to have been prepared till 1683; they were lost for a long time, but being found a few years ago in the cabinet of prints in the French national library at Paris, the pediments were engraved of a small size for the *Travels of Anacharsis*.

“Mr. Taylor being at Paris in the course of last summer (1814), procured a sight of the original drawings, which are in red chalk, and by the liberality of the superintendant of that noble institution, was allowed to have copies of them, which were made of the same size as the originals, with the most scrupulous exactness, by an eminent French artist. These occupy plates 1, 2, 3, 4, where they are engraved to their full size. The fifth plate was made at an earlier period from a tracing obtained with some difficulty by the means of General Miranda.”

Plates 6 to 10 give the subjects of the frieze of the Cella, on the north side of the Temple, from the 4th to the 14th stone, completing the whole of that side, and perhaps all the sculpture that remained belonging to it at the time Mr. Pars was employed. Plates 11 to 14, comprehend the subject of eleven of the stones on the south side, and finish the view of what has been preserved. Plates 15 to 28 supply in a connected series the whole of the sculpture at the west end, beginning at the north. Plates 29 to 34, exhibit the combat of the Centaurs, of which the subsequent story is related:—

“Perithous, King of the Lapithæ, is said to have invited not only the heroes of his age, but the Gods themselves, and his neighbours the Centaurs, to celebrate his nuptials with Hippodamia.

Mars was the only one of the gods who was not invited, and to punish this neglect, the god of war was determined to raise a quarrel among the guests, and to disturb the festivity of the entertainment. Eurithion, one of the Centaurs, captivated with the beauty of Hippodania, and intoxicated with wine, attempted to offer violence to the bride, but he was prevented by Theseus, and immediately killed. This irritated the rest of the Centaurs; the contest became general; but the valour of Theseus, Pirithous, Hercules, and the Lapithæ, triumphed over their enemies. Many of the Centaurs were slain, and the rest saved their lives by flight. This story forms the subject of the sculpture on the Metopes of the external frieze of the temple."

It may be worthy of remark before we quit this part of the subject, that the figure of Theseus or Hercules, which is valued by Mr. Knight at 1,500*l.* and Mr. Hamilton at 4,000*l.* was not an insulated statue, but was a part of the groupe of the eastern pediment of the Parthenon, and the half-recumbent posture given to it, was to accommodate it to the contracted space it was to occupy, as a subordinate figure nearly at the extremity of one of the acute angles of that pediment. The editor of the work to which we are now attending, hazards a conjecture, that there appearing no veins on the Theseus or Hercules, the statue is intended to represent the personage after deification. We believe it will be found, that in the time of Phidias and his immediate pupils, to whom this production of art is ascribed, anatomical precision and minuteness even as to the muscles, much less as to the channels of the fluids, were not regarded. When the materials of sculpture are considered, it will be admitted, that it can under its proper limits supply only a partial representation of nature. The art has its varieties and intricacies, but they are to be restricted within certain bounds; it has also its distinct purposes, and the highest excellence is to accomplish those purposes, which have been comprised in two words—form and character. "When," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "they (sculptors) endeavour to copy the picturesque effects, contrasts, or petty excellencies of whatever kind, which not improperly find a place in the inferior branches of painting, they doubtless imagine themselves improving and extending the boundaries of their art by this imitation; but they are in reality violating its essential character, by giving a different direction to its operations, and proposing to themselves either what is unattainable, or at best a meaner object of pursuit."

In the fifth chapter is introduced whatever the Editor conceived to be most interesting in Mr. Stuart's unpublished me-

moranda relative to antiquities on the continent of Greece; and the plates are principally intended to supply some deficiencies that from various causes occurred in the preceding volumes of this elaborate work.

The sixth and concluding chapter contains seven plates from fragments in the Greek islands; and both this and the former may be considered as the gleanings in the rich field of Mr. Stuart's labours, after the principal weight and value of the exuberant harvest had been borne off the ground.

To this chapter are added two inscriptions, which are built up on the wall of the church at Puros. They are in the same words, with the interchange merely of names; and it is remarkable that the verb is employed in the singular as a concord with two nouns connected by the copulative. The first of them is as follows:—

Η βουλη και ὁ δημοσ στεφανου χρυσω στεφανω Σαρπηδουα Σαρπηδουης
προμωιρως Βιωσαντα.

Which may be rendered in English—"The senate and the people crowns (crown) with a golden crown Sarpedon, the son of Sarpedon, who died prematurely." It is translated in the work "who lived meritoriously;" but it is very properly altered in the errata at the end of the volume to the construction here given, and as to which we think no doubt can be entertained. The composer of the inscription may perhaps have alluded to the sentiment of Solon, adopted by Ovid, which must be true in every age, but which might be then more familiar in the sweet numbers of the poet.

— "Ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus

Ante obitum, nemo supremaque funera debet."

We have thought fit to go more into analysis than usual in our remarks on this volume, on account of the expense of the purchase, that those who may wish to complete their sets may know something of the comparative merits of the present addition, and that those who are in possession of no part of the undertaking, may have a little notion of its general character and utility, and how far the separate articles now published may suit their purposes. We have also a higher design than any connected with such accidental situations. The works of Mr. Stuart gave a new character to architecture, when, in the year 1762, his talents became matter of notoriety by the publication of the first volume. Then the taste of the times rapidly improved on the models he had supplied, and there was ground to believe that the national judgment would not degenerate into

those absurdities which have since disgraced it. While the art of the sculptor has been of late cultivated with extraordinary success, that of the architect, which is so nearly allied to it, has been fertile in noxious productions, adapted only to gratify the most vitiated appetites. The object with modern artists is to produce the feeble pleasure of novelty, and their works are either so extravagant as to find no precedent in the folly of mankind, or they have an imaginary novelty on account of the remote and barbarous situations from which the models are adopted. The passion for novelty is of the most childish character, and those only who continue children all their lives preserve their attachment to it. This pleasure is the low indulgence of the senses, which are tired and exhausted as experience corrects and improves our intellectual perceptions, and as the judgment arrives at its full maturity of manhood. Two thousand years have slowly advanced since the beauties of antique architecture were unveiled to an admiring world; and what objects of novelty are there that have so powerful an influence on the mind? In the best times of the arts, and in the countries where they were most understood, novelty was least felt, and its influence was least discovered. The atmosphere was too pure and refined to support this lumber of fashion and state, but to such sovereigns the artist is now required to do homage. It was the same in Greece when Alexander became the representative of Jupiter, and the clamours of rhetoric mocked the thunders of oratory.

In these remarks on the corruption of public taste since the death of Mr. Stuart and Sir W. Chambers, we have reference to our structures, with their interior embellishments, subsequent to the rebuilding of Somerset House. Sir William very reluctantly deviated in any instance from his Grecian originals; but what has been done by his successors? What shall we say to that building called a palace, with the external weight and internal gloom of a county jail, in the beautiful vale of Thames, a few miles from this metropolis. We had always understood that palaces, as devoted to the most splendid festivity, were to be constructed with all the gaiety and magnificence of the Corinthian models, and that the temples dedicated to Flora and Proserpine were to be imitated in such edifices. What shall we say of the card-work fortifications of the Parliament House raising its pigmy form beneath the sublime and venerable Abbey of Westminster, like the frog and the ox in the fable? What of that monstrous pile of contradiction the Bank of England, exhibiting in wicked contrast the wealth and wit of the London citizens? And what of the whole history of royal em-

bellishment, from the first grant of the legislature to Carlton House to the last shilling of arrear incurred for the golden puppets and sprawling dragons of the Sussex Pavilion? There is no royal road to taste and science.

ART. X.—*The History of the Destruction of Jerusalem, as connected with the Scripture Prophecies. By the Rev. GEORGE WILKINS, A.M. Stretton, Nottingham. 1816. Royal 8vo. Pp. 187.*

(Continued from page 327.)

WE resume with pleasure the consideration of this work, referring to a period of great importance in the history of mankind.

The Jewish people on their return from Babylon continued under the protection of Persia, until the conquest of that empire by Alexander, after which they became tributary to the kings of Egypt and Syria, according to the fluctuation of power in those rival countries. In the sequel, Antiochus Epiphanes brought Judea under his dominion, with the nations which had exercised authority over her, and by the tyranny of his government the religious rites were trampled down, the temple was stripped of its wealth, and the altars were profaned with the grossest indignities. Such was the situation of affairs A.C. 167, when Matthias, an aged priest, indignant at the despotism of the Sovereign, collected an army of 6000 men to free Judea from oppression. Judas Maccabæus succeeded that venerable champion in the command of the forces, and completed the design of his predecessor. He purified the temple and re-established the true worship; and having driven the Syrians out of Judea, transmitted his authority to his own family, who long retained it.

Aristobulus, sixty years after the enterprize of Matthias, assumed the title of king, and was the first of the Maccabees that acquired that distinction. He left the government, after a short and infamous reign, to his wife Alexandra, who being endangered by the revolt of her youngest son, Aristobulus, made the first application to procure the interference of the Romans for her support. At this critical moment Pompey happened to be returning from his conquests in the east, into Syria, and the refractory son having formed an army to establish himself in the government, to the exclusion of his brother Hyrcanus, the Roman marched his conquering legions towards Jerusalem, and in a short time Aristobulus was in chains, and

with the assistance of Hyrcanus, and his adherents, the foreigners were admitted within the city.

It was impossible that the ambition of the state Pompey represented, should resign the acquisition it had thus obtained, and, accordingly, we find the Roman history from this period blended with that of Judea, and every successive prince looked to the Senate and the Emperor for the maintenance of his authority in the new province of Palestine. Thus afterwards, when Hyrcanus was opposed by Antigonus, and re-instated by Cesar; "Antipater was appointed Procurator of Judea, his eldest son, Phasaelus, to the government of Jerusalem, as the Roman representative, and his second son, Herod, afterwards Herod the Great, to that of Galilee."

It would from hence appear that Herod, under the appointment of Anthony, possessed authority in the province before he was elevated to the royalty, and this opinion is favoured by some medals that have been discovered.

Pontius Pilate was the fifth Procurator of Judea. He was nominated A.D. 12, under Tiberius, and was deprived of his authority by Caligula, twenty-three years afterwards. The office of Procurator was generally confined to the receipt and regulation of the public revenue, and persons were assigned this duty by the Emperors in every province; but it would seem, according to Bishop Pearson and others, that this officer, in other countries subordinate, was armed with all the powers of the Proconsulate in Judea.

Herod-Antipas remained in the government as Tetrarch during the whole time of the ministry of Christ. The word Tetrarch, which is from the Greek, signifies a prince who governs a fourth part of the dominions, but when a foreign term is adopted, its perversion is almost a necessary consequence, and in this instance, it was, soon subsequent to its introduction, misapplied to any petty sovereign, and so Judea, in this case, was divided into three parts, called Tetrarchies.

To conclude this brief narrative of the history to the death of Christ, we will add, that Herod Philip, the best of the immediate family of Herod the Great, continued Tetrarch of Trachonitis for thirty-seven years, dying about the time of the crucifixion. He was without issue, and his dominions were annexed to Syria.

Herod Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, was subsequently appointed by Caius, Tetrarch of Trachonitis and Abilene, in which he was afterwards confirmed by Claudius, who also added Judea and Samaria to his kingdom. After his death,

Cuspus Fadus was deputed by Claudius, governor. Our author proceeds with the account in these terms:—

“ The Apostles of Christ began to disperse themselves, and to execute their Master's injunction of preaching to the whole world. In the mean time Cuspus Fadus is succeeded by Tiberias, Alexander, Cumanus, and Felix; in the Procuratorship of the latter of these, Agrippa the younger, son of Herod-Agrippa, obtains from Claudius the Kingdom of his uncle Philip, together with other parts of the country; in consequence of which he is styled King Agrippa, before whom his sister and Festus, Paul pleaded at Cæsarea, as he had previously done before Felix and his wife Drusilla. He was, as Josephus styles him, ‘ a most wonderful and amiable man;’ and ‘ who,’ as St. Paul says, ‘ was expert in all the customs and questions of the Jews;’ no wonder therefore that he was ‘ almost persuaded to be a Christian.’ He continued his reign, while Festus, Albinus, and Florus, were Governours under the Emperour Nero; but they, as the Jews allege, having treated their nation and people with greater rigour than any of their predecessors, had sown the seeds of that disaffection, which terminated, after the most obstinate defence, and unparalleled sufferings on the part of the Jews, with the total destruction of their City and Temple by Titus, son of Vespasian, then Emperour of Rome.”

Before we proceed to that remarkable event, which whether with the view to prophecy or history is so important, it may be of some assistance to the readers of this work, if we make a few observations on the nature of the connection that subsisted between Rome and her provinces, and on the distinction between the conduct of the Jews, and of the inhabitants of the other dependencies of that magnificent empire.

What we have just stated, from the time of Pompey to that of Claudius, is sufficient to shew the ready dispositions of the Romans to interpose with remote and foreign countries for the aggrandizement of their power. This intelligent people had learned, that if their arms prevailed by division, they might be resisted by union, and therefore, whithersoever their conquests extended, they were anxious to dissolve every confederacy that was likely to interfere with their authority. Consistently with this scheme, the native forces were disbanded, and all the means of constitutional freedom were annihilated. The princes who were reluctantly permitted to retain a precarious sceptre, were dismissed from their thrones, as soon as they had performed the task of reconciling the nations over whom they presided to the yoke to which they had accommodated their own

necks. From that moment the public authority was every where exercised by Roman agents, and that authority was absolute.

But in another point of view the Romans were humane in the exercise of their dominion. From the foot of the Alps to the extremity of the Calabrias, all the natives of Italy were born citizens of Rome, and the same beneficial maxims of government which had secured the peace and prosperity of this peninsula, were extended to the most distant conquests, and a nation of Romans, in the language of the historian, was gradually formed in the provinces, by the double expedient of introducing colonies, and of admitting the most faithful and deserving of the provincials to the freedom of the city.

But there were peculiar circumstances that interfered with this friendly collision between the Jew and the Roman, the vanquished and the victor. The moment Pompey set his foot in Judea, he must have discovered that the Jews were in a state of irreconcilable hostility with all their neighbours. The obstinacy with which they maintained their peculiar rites and unsocial manners under the corruptions of their religion, if not under its injunctions, marked them out as a distinct species of men, who either indulged implacable hatred to human kind, or fostered motives of alienation, which their conquerors in their ignorance, could no way explain but on the principle of the general detestation of the species. The Jews were not at all prepared for this intrusion of the Romans; they had rather an aversion than any curiosity for foreign nations and languages. Their sacred books contained all the learning they sought, and were embellished with the most imposing transactions, the creation of the world, the universal deluge, the origin and dispersion of communities, and what appeared to them equally important, their own history and descent from Abraham, their affinity to other branches of his posterity, the Egyptian bondage, and their subsequent deliverance, and all that astonishing series of events in which the interposition of the Deity was intimately connected with the narrative. Hence it is no wonder that we find them so full of their own dignity, and of contempt of the rest of the race; nor is it surprising if those who had lived under a theocracy, should despise the institutions and instructions of fallible humanity.

The religion of Moses was also adapted only to a single nation, and a particular country, and if a strict obedience had been paid to the order, that every male three times in the year should present himself before the Lord, in a place that should be chosen, it would have been impracticable that the Jews should

have spread themselves much beyond the limits of the Promised Land. That obstacle was removed by the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem, in the account of which we shall now follow our author. The first, second, and third walls of the city were successively taken, and one of the Roman soldiers had mounted an elevated place from whence he threw a fire-brand.

"The Temple was now enveloped in flames. The soldiers seized upon all within their reach, and killed, without distinction of age or sex, to the number of ten thousand. As the fire extended, the cracking of the flames was but indistinctly heard above the groans of those whom it had overtaken. From the depth of the hill, and the extent of the conflagration, the city appeared in one entire blaze; the tumult and uproar exceeded all description. The outcries of the legions and the howling of the insurgents, when they found themselves surrounded by fire on the one hand, and the sword on the other; are subjects too shocking minutely to detail. The people on the hills and those in the city, re-echoed each others shrieks of woe and lamentation; the flames opening the eyes of those whom the effects of the famine had nearly closed; inspiring them with fresh vigour and ability, once more to deplore their misfortunes. The slaughter of the besieged exceeded in number that of the conquerors. The Romans now seeing the Temple reduced to ashes, thought it useless to save the outward gates and cloisters, or even the treasury and wardrobe; in which were deposited jewels, money, and robes, to an incredible amount.

At this moment there were collected in one of the galleries, a vast concourse of women, children, and mixed people, to the number of six thousand. This gallery, before Titus could give orders to the contrary, was set on fire by the brutal fury of his soldiers; in consequence of which many of these ill-fated creatures were suffocated; others were killed by throwing themselves over; and the remainder burnt to death; so that not one of the whole multitude escaped."

The conclusion of this work, after a full statement of the facts of this extraordinary and afflicting narrative, distinguishes the prophecies which have an immediate reference to them, and pursues the history of the establishment of the Christian Church to the time of Julian the Apostate.

We shall only add, that any person wishing to become acquainted with the occasion of the Jewish war, with its progress and consequences, with the history and topography of the sacred city and temple, and with the popular construction of the prophecies regarding them, will not be disappointed in the perusal of this work. To originality the author makes no pretensions, but it will be found that the selection of his materials is happy, and their arrangement judicious.

BIBLIOTHECA ANTIQUA.

“ For out of the olde felde, as men saieth,
Cometh all this new corne, fro yere to yere ;
And out of old bookes, in good faieth,
Cometh all this newe science that men lere.”

Chaucer's Assem. of Fowles, st. 4.

XI.—*Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance : Describing the Folly of Youth, the Falshood of Make-shift Flatterers, the Miserie of negligent, and Mischiefes of deceiuing Curtexans. — Published at his dying request, and newly corrected, and of many errors purged.*—*Felitem fuisse infaustum.*—London. Printed by John Hauiland, for Henry Bell, 1629.

No author was ever, in his time, better known than Robert Greene, and his popularity continued for many years after his death : he is admitted to have written about five and forty pieces in prose and verse, besides others that are attributed to him, and all went through numerous editions ; that which we have selected for the present article was seven times printed : lastly in 1637 ; and his novel of “ *Dorastus and Fawnia*,” from which Shakspeare borrowed the fable of his “ *Winter's Tale*,” having been first published in 1588, was republished as lately as the year 1735. Till within a very few years, however, his name has been consigned to the same oblivion that his actions merited, and which most of his companions shared. Dr. Farmer not long since, before laudable curiosity had raised the price of these productions, bought several of them for a few shillings each, although the same works are now usually sold at from five to ten guineas.

Independent of the intrinsic value of “ *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit*,” it has an additional claim to notice from the circumstance that the author is his own biographer in the person of Roberto ; indeed it is chiefly from hence that the few particulars that remain of the celebrated Robert Greene are collected. It is conjectured that he was born about 1560, and that his father was a tradesman at Norwich, who (from what his son says of him under the character of *Gorineus*) is supposed to have scraped together much dust by usury and the lowest artifices. In 1748 Greene took his degree of A.B. at Cambridge, and then travelled in Italy and Spain, where he places the scene of several of his tales, borrowing much both in style and matter

from the literature of the former. On his return to England he became A.M. in 1583, and took the same degree at the University of Oxford in 1588. It is said that he was presented to a living at Tollesbury in Essex, in 1584, but this is merely a conjecture from the fact that a person of his name at that time held the vicarage. He had, however, already become notorious for his irregular life, and soon repaired to London, where he consorted with the most dissolute characters. He married, but forsook his wife, by whom some say he had a son; but Gabriel Harvey,* his bitter enemy, asserts that *Infortunatus Greene*, (for so the boy was called,) was a natural child by an infamous mistress. In London it seems probable that Greene supported himself by composing many pamphlets and writing plays, sometimes in conjunction with Dr. Lodge, of whom we shall speak hereafter. Greene died in 1592, being little more than thirty years old, and was buried, as is reported, in the New Church near Bedlam: the cause of his death was a surfeit of Herrings and Rhenish wine; in praise of herrings, one of his boon companions, Nashe, had written a very humorous and ingenious discourse. We subjoin a sort of descriptive character of Greene, by Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, inserted in the abusive piece before mentioned.

"I was altogether unacquainted with the man, and never once saluted him by name: but who in London hath not heard of his dissolute and licentious living; his fond disguising of a Master of Arts with ruffianly hair, unseemly apparel, and more unseemly company; his vain-glorious and Thrasonical braving; his piperly extemporizing and Tarletonizing; his apish counterfeiting of every ridiculous and absurd toy; his fine cozening of jugglers, and finer juggling with cozeners; his villainous cogging and foisting; his monstrous swearing and horrible forswearing; his impious profaning of sacred texts; his other scandalous and blasphemous raving; his riotous and outrageous surfeiting; his continual shifting of lodgings; his plausible mustering and banqueting of roysterly acquaintance at his first coming; his beggarly departing in every hostess' debt; his infamous resorting to the Bankside, Shoreditch, Southwark, and other filthy haunts; his obscure lurking in basest corners; his impudent pamphleting, fantastical interluding, and desperate libelling when other shifts failed," &c.

This character is that of an absolute and dissolute swindler, and we fear that Greene with all his abilities, which even Harvey acknowledges was little better. George Peele, another

* Vide "Four Letters and certain Sonnets especially touching Robert Greene," &c. London, 1592.

author and friend, (if his "Merrie conceited Jestes," published in 1627 are to be believed) committed crimes which are detailed as jokes, that in our time would have gone near to hang him. Greene before his death bitterly repented his past life, and his "Groatsworth of Wit," printed immediately after that event in 1592, is one proof of the fact.

"Greene's Groatsworth of Wit" was published, according to Warton, (*Hist. of Eng. P. V. III. p. 291.*) by Henry Chettle, but an introductory letter inserted before it, "to the wittie Poets or poetickall Wittes," is signed J. H. which according to Ritson, (*Bibl. Poet. P. 240.*) may mean Jasper Heywood, the elder son of John Heywood, the noted epigrammatist. If Henry Chettle were the editor, those initials must be fictitious. This epistle gives a humorous account of the miseries of a poet; it is followed by the work itself "Greene's Groatsworth of Wit."

It opens with describing Gorineus, (supposed to be intended for old Greene,) upon his death bed bequeathing his ill gotten wealth to Lucanio, his eldest son, while to Roberto, (meaning Robert Greene,) he only leaves an old groat, with which the old man desires him to buy a groatsworth of wit to correct his follies and evil propensities. After the decease of the father, Roberto attempts to cheat Lucanio out of his property by means of a courtezán called Lamilia, whom he shews to Lucanio, (a poor weak-witted wight,) while she is enticingly singing at a window the following pretty Rondo.

"Fie, fie on blind fancy,
It hinders youths ioy
Faire Virgins learne by me
To count love a toy.

"When love first learned the A. B. C. of delight

And knew no figures nor concerted phrase:

He simply gave to due desert her right,

He led not Lovers in darke winding wayes,

He plainly wild to love, or flatly answered no;

But now who lists to prove, shall find it nothing so.

"Fie, fie then on fauncy

It hinders youths ioy

Fayre Virgins learne by me

To count love a toy.

"For since he learnd to use the Poets pen,

He learn'd likewise with smoothing words to faine,

Witching chaste ears with trothless tongues of men,

And wronged faith with falsehood and disdain.

He gives a promise now, anon he sweareth no,
Who listeth for to proue, shall finde his changing so

"Fie, fie then on fancy
It hinders youths ioy,
Faire Virgins learne by me
To count love a toy."

An entertainment is soon given, where Lucanio is introduced to the lady; a part of the amusement of the evening consists in the relation of a fable and a story which are introduced. Lamilia, however, thinks it more politic to secure Lucanio by betraying to him Roberto's design, and the latter is consequently driven out of doors. He takes to the fields, and after composing a sonnet against women, he sits down to lament his fate, when he is overheard by a person who offers to put him in a way of gaining a livelihood, finding him to be a scholar of talents. Roberto asks how he is to be employed, and a dialogue takes place of some curiosity as referring to the manners of players and to certain dramatic pieces of that day, most of which are now lost.

"Why, easily quoth he, and greatly to your benefit: for men of my profession, get by schollers their whole living. What is your profession said Roberto? Truly, sir, sayd he, I am a player. A Player, quoth Roberto, I toke you rather for a gentleman of great liuing, for if by outward habit men are to be censured, I tell you, you would be taken for a substantiall man. So am I where I dwell (quoth the player) reputed able at my proper cost, to build a wind mill. What though the world once went hard with me, when I was fain to carry my playing Fardle a foot-backe: Tempora mutantur, I know you know the meaning of it, better than I; but I thus conster it, it is otherwise now: for my very share in playing apparell will not be sold for two hundred pounds: truely (said Roberto) it is strange, that you should so prosper in that vaine practice, for that it seems to me, your voice is nothing gracious. Nay then, said the player, I mislike your judgment: Why, I am as famous for Delphrygus, and the King of Fairies, as euer was any of my time. The twelve Labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the Stage, and played three Scenes of the Deuil in the highway to heaven. Have ye so (said Roberto) then I pray you pardon me. Nay more (quoth the player) I can serue to make a pretty speech, for I was a country Author, passing at a morall, for it was I that pend the morall of mans wit, the Dialogue of Diues, and for seven yeers space was absolute interpreter of the Puppets. But now my Almanacke is out of date.

"The people make no estimation
Of Morals teaching education.

"Was not this pretty for a plain rime extempore? if ye will yee shall have more. Nay, it is enough, said Roberto, but how meane you to vse me? Why sir, in making plays, said the other, for which you shall bee well paied, if you will take the paines."

What afterwards happens to Lucanio and Lamilia we are never informed, Greene being entirely absorbed in the relation of his own story. Roberto we are told, in his new occupation, soon became "an Arch-play-making poet," but at the same time "grew a *malo in pejus*, falling from one vice to another," and he confirms many of the charges made against him by Harvey, for he says that "he had shift of lodgings, where in every place his hostess writ up the woeful remembrance of him," and that "his company were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilfery, perjury, forgery, or any villainy," and in his hearts sorrow, he adds "how often the gentlewoman his wife laboured vainely to recal him is lamentable to note; but as one given over to all lewdness he communicated her sorrowful lines among his loose trulls that jested at her bootless laments." After giving an account of some judgments that he conceives fell upon his vile associates, which, however, failed to reclaim him, he thus speaks of himself; in the second paragraph he plainly admits that Roberto's story is his own.

"For now when the number of deceits caused Roberto to be hatefull almost to all men, his immeasurable drinking had made him the perfect image of the dropsie, and the loathsome scourge of Lust, tyrannized in his bones. Living in extreme poverty and having nothing to pay but chalke which now his Host accepted not for currant, this miserable man lay comfortlesly languishing having but one groat left (the just proportion of his Father's Legacie) which looking on he cried, O now it is too late, too late to buy wit with thee: and therefore will I see if I can sell to careless youth what I negligently forgot to buy.

"Here (Gentlemen) breake I off Robertoes speech whose life in most part agreeing with mine, found one self punishment as I have done. Hereafter suppose me the said Roberto, and I will goe on with that he promised: Greene will send you his groatsworth of wit that never shewed a mites worth in his life: and though no man now be by to doe me good, yet ere I die, I will by my repentance endeavour to doe all men good."

Nothing can exceed the horror with which he speaks of the crimes and miseries of his former life, and the bitter agony of his death-bed repentance "*O horrenda fames*," (he bursts out) "how terrible are thy assaults! But *vermis conscientiae* more wounding are thy stings! Ah gentlemen, that live to read my broken and confused lines, look not I should (as I was wont)

delight you with vaine fantasies, but gather my follies altogether, as you would deal with so many parricides—cast them into the fire ;” and again, “ O that the tears of a miserable man (for never yet was any man more miserable) might wash their memory out with my death and that those works with me together might be interred. But sith they cannot, let my last work witness against them with me, how I detest them : blacke is the remembrance of my blacke works, blacker than night, blacker than death, blacker than Hell.” Our Shakspeare’s picture of the fearful death of Beaufort is scarcely superior ;

“ Ah what a sign it is of evil life
When death’s approach is seen so terrible !”

As soon as this shaking fit of fierce remembrance is past, Greene writes ten moral rules to be followed by all who wish to lead good lives and to die quiet deaths, and then he addresses a letter “ To those Gentlemen his *quondam* acquaintance,” (speaking as if he had already passed from among the living,) “ that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise and wisdom to prevent his extremities.” It contains some interesting and curious notices of his contemporaries and friends : the third paragraph of the portion we have extracted is the most valuable as it no doubt refers to our great and generous Shakspeare, who is insultingly called *Shake-scene*, and who is libelled as “ an upstart crow,” beautified with the feathers of others, and as “ a *Johannes fac totum* in his own conceit.” Greene and his associates were not above envying this young and versatile aspirant, who had before 1592 written comedy, tragedy, and history, if Mr. Malone’s chronology may be relied upon.

“ If wofull experience may move you (Gentlemen) to beware, or unheard of wretchedness, intreat you to take heed ; I doubt not but you will looke backe with sorrow on your time past : and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first beginne) thou famous gracer of Tragedians,* that Greene, who hath said with thee like the fool in

* In all probability he means *Christopher Marlow*, a very celebrated tragic writer of that day. The most notorious of his pieces were “ *Tamberlaine the Great*,” and “ the Tragical History of *Dr. Faustus*.” Anthony Wood, the chief authority for the particulars of his life, asserts that Marlow’s death was a judgment upon him for his licentious life. Being in love with a girl of low origin, he went to visit her, and found her previously engaged with a footman ; Marlow drew his dagger to take vengeance on his base-born rival ; the man seized his hand, and turned the weapon in such a way as to force it into Marlow’s head. Marlow translated the earlier part of the *Hero and Leander* of *Museus*, which after his death was completed by Chapman, another noted Poet.

his heart, There is no God ; should now give glory unto his greatness : for penetrating is his power, his hand lyes heavy upon me, he hath spoken unto me with a voyce of thunder, and I have left ; he is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift be so blinded, that thou shouldest give no glory to the giuer ? Is it pestilent Macheavilian pollicie that thou hast studied ? O punish folly ! What are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankinde. **** : and wilt thou my Friend be his Disciple ? Looke unto me, by him persuaded to that Liberty, and thou shalt finde it an Infernall bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but wilfull striving against knowne truth, exceedeth all the terrors of my soule. Deferre not (with me) till this last point of extremity : for little knowest thou, how in the end thou shalt be visited.

“ With thee I joyne young *Juuenal*,* that biting Satyrist, that lastly with me together writ a Comedy. Sweet Boy might I advise thee, be aduised and get not many enemies by bitter words ! inueigh against vaine men, for thou canst doe it, no man better, no man so well : thou hast a liberty to reprove all and name none : for one being spoken to, all are offended, none being blamed, no man is iniured. Stop shallow water still running it will rage, tread on a worme, and it will turne : Then blame not Schollers who are vexed with sharpe and bitter lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproof.

* *Dr. Thomas Lodge*, with whom he joined in writing “ A Looking Glass for London and England,” a comedy. Winstanly asserts, that they wrote together four others, but this is probably untrue, as Greene himself says “ that lastly with me together writ a comedy.” Lodge was a Doctor of Physic, and the author of a great variety of pamphlets. He was a very good descriptive poet besides being a “ biting Satyrist.” He is intitled to the style of the first English Satyrist, though that honour is usually given to Bishop Hall, who was the second, and Marston the third. At the death of Greene, however, nothing of Lodge’s had been published except “ *Rosalynde : Euphues golden Legacie*, found in his cell at *Silexdra* ;” but Greene was most likely acquainted with his talent for satyre, which afterwards appeared in 1595, in a small work called “ *A Fig for Momus*.” We will give a short specimen of his talent from the first satyre in this rare tract :

“ Thus with the world the world dissembles still,
And to their own confusions follow will ;
Holding it true felicity to fly
Not from the sin, but from the seeing eye.
Then in this world, who winks at each estate
Hath found the means to make him fortunate :
To colour hate with kindness, to defraud
In private those in public we applaud :
To keep this rule, kaw me and I kaw thee,
To play the Saint whereas we Devils be.
Whate’er men do, let them not reprehend,
For cunning knaves do cunning knaves defend.
Truth is pursued by hate, then is he wise
That to the world his worldly will applies.”

"And thou* no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour, driven (as my selfe) to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee: and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would sweare by sweet S. George, thou art worthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base minded men all three of you if by my misery yee be not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleane those Puppets (I mean) that speak from our mouths, those Anticks gamisht in our colours. It is not strange that I to whom they all have been beholding: is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were yee in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow beautified with our Feathers, that with his Tygers heart, wrapt in a players hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being a *Johannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a Country. Oh that I might intreat your rare wits to bee employed in more profitable courses: and let these Apes imitate your past excellence, and neuer more acquaint them with your admired inuentions. I know the best husband of you all will neuer proue an Usurer, and the kindest of them all will never proue a kinde Nurse: yet whilst you may, seeke you better Masters: for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

Greene then adverts to two authors who had written against "these buckram gentlemen," and afterwards comes to this passionate and melancholy conclusion.

"But now returne I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no newes: and let me heartily intreat you to be warned by my harmes. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths, for from the blasphemous house, a curse shall not depart: Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equall

* Most likely *Thomas Nash*, one of the most notorious and cutting wits of that time, who after the death of Greene undertook to defend his memory against Harvey, who was most terribly mauled in the contest. Penri, *alias* Martin Marprelate, was also a severe sufferer under his cruel lash. Nash was one of Greene's wild, unprincipled companions, but he also died repentant, and in his "Pierce Pennilesse, his supplication to the Devil," he has left a strong picture of the despair and agony of a repentant criminal, as the following lines will witness.

"Why is't damnation to despair and die
When life is my true happiness' disease?
My soul, my soul! thy safety makes me fly
The faulty means that might my pain appease:
Divines and dying men may talk of Hell
But in my heart her several torments dwell!"

The two last lines are in the "Yorkshire Tragedy," a play attributed to Shakespeare, and are also quoted by Harvey in his "Four Letters," &c.

unto beasts: Flie Lust as the deaths-man of the soule, and defile not the Temple of the holy Ghost. Abhor those Epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your eares, and when they soothe you with termes of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have so often flattered, perishes for want of comfort. Remember Gentlemen, your liues are like so many light tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintaine; these with wind-puft wrath may be extinguished, with drunkenness put out, with negligence let fall: for mans time of itselfe is not so short, but it is more shortened by sinne. The fire of my light is now at the last snuffe, and the want of wherewith to sustaine it, there is no substance for life to feed on. Trust not then (I beseech yee) left to such weake staves; for they are as changeable in minde, as in many attires. Well my hand is tyred, and I am forced to leave where I would begin: for a whole booke cannot containe the wrongs which I am forced to knit up in some few lines of Words.

“ Desirous that you should live, though

“ himselfe be dying,

“ ROBERT GREENE.”

To this succeeds in a desultory manner, the moral fable of the Ant and Grasshopper, “ from the old Comedian Æsop,” terminated by the author’s moody motto, *Felicem fuisse infustum*. Next is inserted by the editor, whoever he be, “ a letter written to his wife, found with this book after his death,” which has been often quoted; it may be found in Cibber’s (i.e. Shield’s) *Lives of the Poets*, vol. i. 89. After the letter is “ Greene’s Epitaph: discoursed dialogue-wise, between Life and Death,” subscribed by the initials which terminate the introductory matter, I. H. Though of no great moment, these stanzas have been frequently reprinted, and therefore we need not insert them.

We conclude this article with the following lines from an eloquent Jesuit. We fear they are but two applicable to the chief subject of the tract we have been reviewing, if charity do not plead his repentance in arrest of the judgment to be pronounced.

“ A sorry wight, the object of disgrace,
The monument of fear, the map of shame,
The mirror of mishap, the stain of place,
The scorn of time, the infamy of fame:
And excrement of earth, to Heaven hateful
Injurious to man, to God ungrateful.”

R. Southwell’s *St. Peter’s Complaint*.

C. P. I.

ART. XII.—*A Historical Account, interspersed [with Biographical Anecdotes of the House of Saxony, tracing the Descent of the present Royal and Ducal Branches, and containing a Memoir of the Life of his Serene Highness Leopold George Christian Frederic, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe Cobourg Saalfeld. By FREDERIC SHOBERL. Embellished with Portraits. London. Ackermann. 8vo. p. 196.*

WITH the writer of this work the public is not unacquainted, and his intimate knowledge of German literature in particular, has supplied several valuable exotics for British culture from that exuberant garden. On the present occasion, we are indebted to him for the first historical account in the English language of that particular branch of the House of Saxony with which we are connected by the recent marriage of the presumptive heir of the crown with Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg. It appears by the Preface, that when the idea of this undertaking was first presented to the mind of the author, he contemplated nothing more than forming a selection of amusing anecdotes relative to the ancient House of Saxony. These however accumulated so rapidly under his hands, that it occurred to him that they might be connected in a way to give form to a regular history, so as to combine instruction with entertainment in a manner suited to the gratification of every class of readers. This was at least the purpose proposed by the author, and we believe, after a careful perusal of the work, that he will be found to have fully completed his design.

Mr. Shoberl modestly states, that with regard to the execution, he claims no other merit than industry in making the best use of such materials as he could procure, and which, being wholly foreign, are not easily accessible in this country. This difficulty of consulting the authorities may be considered by many a sufficient apology for not naming them either in the way of note or otherwise in the course of the work, but under our selfish and rigid habits as Reviewers, we confess that we should have been much better satisfied had our labours been assisted and our opinions confirmed by such means of reference. Prince Leopold, who here makes a conspicuous figure on many important occasions in the memoirs of the House of Saxe Cobourg, and who probably is suitably noticed in the foreign bulletins and gazettes, has not been mentioned with the same respect in our own; and we have therefore been the more anxious to learn from competent sources in what situations his diplomatic talents have been unfolded, and in what circum-

stances his military virtues have been acknowledged and proclaimed.

The work is embellished by portraits, some of which, belonging to the period of the Reformation, are curious, as drawn from paintings by the hand of a contemporary artist of the most zealous supporters of that change in the religious opinions of our country. The portrait of Prince Leopold is from the burin of Meyer, taken from a whole-length picture by Mr. A. Chalon, in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy.

The first and second sections of the volume are engaged with the history of the Margraves of Meissen and Landgraves of Thuringia, before and after the union of their domains. In the third section we are introduced to the Dukes and Electors of Saxony, when, on the division of the empire of Charlemagne among his sons, that country with the rest of Germany devolved to Lewis.

Ludolph is the first Duke of Saxony whose name occurs, but it was not until the time of Rudolph the Third that the title of Elector was assumed, although the prerogatives of that rank had been long before exercised. Sigismund, in 1422, the Ascanian line having become extinct, conferred the Duchy of Upper Saxony upon Frederic, Margrave of Meissen. Subsequently, in the person of Maurice, the Electoral dignity and domains were transferred from the Ernestine to the Albertine branch of the House of Saxony.

We are next introduced in the history to the modern House of Saxe Gotha, of which Ernest, surnamed the Pious, is the founder, and who was the 9th son of John Duke of Weimar. He succeeded to the government in 1640. In the division of the dominions of this Prince, Cobourg devolved to his second son Albert, at whose death without issue, in 1697, the possession of the principality was long matter of dispute, and the contention was not finally adjusted until 1735, when the town and district of Cobourg were adjudged to the House of Saalfeld.

The statement given of the respective families and their connections, is interspersed with many amusing anecdotes, and some particulars of a higher character regarding Martin Luther, who was a native of Eisleben. For these, on account of the limits to which we are confined, we must refer to the work itself, in order to afford room for that part of the narrative which more immediately respects the young Prince who is now so closely allied to every subject of the realm. The author observes as follows on the domains of the family:—

"Previously to the treaty of Congress, signed at Vienna in 1815, the possessions of the House of Saxe Cobourg Saalfeld comprized $17\frac{1}{2}$ German square miles, with a population, according to the census taken in 1812, of 57,266 souls. They contain eight towns, and 270 villages and hamlets. The revenues of the Prince amounted in 1806 to 425,413 florins, or near 50,000*l.* sterling. The inhabitants, as well as the reigning family, belong to the Lutheran church, and are chiefly employed in trade and manufactures. The above-mentioned treaty secures to the Duke of Cobourg Saalfeld an additional territory of such extent as to comprise 20,000 inhabitants, so that his dominions and resources will be increased by about one-third."

The political convulsions to which the north of Germany was exposed on the admission of Bonaparte to power, were particularly calamitous to the House of Cobourg, and Duke Francis was under the necessity of leaving his capital, and seeking refuge in Saalfeld, amid the dark forests of Thuringia. In this situation of things, Bonaparte took possession of the territories of Cobourg, the affairs of which were administered by his own officers, and a very heavy contribution was imposed upon the country. The attachment the family had shewn to his enemies had, in 1809, increased the jealousy of Napoleon, and, Leopold being then a General in the service of Russia, he threatened to deprive the Duke of his patrimony if the brother continued in the Imperial service. Affection induced the Prince to comply; and thus set at liberty from his military duties, in 1811 he negotiated at Munich with Bavaria a frontier arrangement of considerable importance to the principality of Cobourg, and under the circumstances, to the whole of the south of Saxony. In 1812 Leopold paid his respects at the Court of Vienna, and subsequently travelled through Italy and Switzerland.

In 1813, the affairs of Europe giving him an opportunity to resume his occupation as a soldier, he proceeded to Poland, where he was received by the Emperor Alexander with cordial friendship; and he then is said to have communicated to Marshal Kutusoff much important information respecting the state of things in Germany, and the condition of the French forces. The author proceeds,

"The allied army now marched from Poland to Silesia and Saxony. On the 2d of May, Prince Leopold was in the battle of Lutzen, and the following day, with the Russian cavalry, formed part of the rear-guard. The Prince was afterwards sent in forced marches toward the Elbe, to the support of the Prussian Gene-

ral Kleist, but his destination was changed, and he returned to Lusatia.

"On the 19th of May, the Prince marched to the support of General Barclay, but was recalled to assist on the 20th and 21st in the battle of Bautzen. In this engagement he was employed in supporting the line on various points, and in the evening of the second day, he covered the retreat, amidst the hottest fire, with that serenity which is the property of genuine courage. After the battle he retired to Silesia with the corps of cavalry to which he was attached.

"During the armistice, and the negotiations at Prague, Prince Leopold repaired, with the consent of the Emperor of Russia, to that city, and was the *only* stranger who was there admitted to several interviews with the Emperor Francis.

"On the expiration of the armistice, the Prince proceeded with the army to Bohemia, and thence to the frontiers of Saxony. The main force of the allies was already before Dresden, while the cavalry reserve was engaged in the more difficult march across the mountains. On the 26th of August, Vandamme briskly attacked the corps posted near the fortress of Königstein to cover the rear of the grand army, and the principal communications with Bohemia, and commanded by Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg. This General urgently solicited a reinforcement of cavalry, that he might be enabled to maintain his highly important position against a very superior enemy; and about noon, Prince Leopold was in consequence detached with his cuirassiers to his assistance. Scarcely had the Prince joined the corps when the enemy commenced the attack. The infantry, on account of its weakness, was posted on the wings, and supported upon two villages; while Prince Leopold and his cavalry formed the centre. This precarious position did Leopold maintain, during a contest of five hours against a foe three or four times as numerous, and after the two wings of the corps were almost completely surrounded, with such unshaken intrepidity, that night came on before the enemy had been able to gain any decisive advantage, or force the position. Eugene paid that tribute to the Prince which he amply deserved, for by his firmness he had not only saved the whole corps, but had rendered it impossible for Vandamme to make an attack, either in flank or rear, on the main army of the allies, engaged on the 27th of August with the assault of Dresden, which would necessarily have been attended with the most disastrous consequences."

On the 27th August, the corps took up a position near to Pirna. This place the enemy stormed, and endeavoured with his cavalry to extend himself upon the level ground near the Elbe, when Leopold, commanding the combined forces, met him, and drove him back to the town.

"Count Ostermann now ordered Prince Leopold to proceed, if

possible, with his cavalry through the defile upon which the right wing was supported, and to occupy and maintain a plain near Great Cotta, which is traversed by the main road to the woody range of mountains. Leopold executed the movement with such rapidity, that the enemy had not time to occupy this plain in sufficient force; he drove him from it, and maintained his position there till the main body of the corps, with the infantry and all the artillery, had effected its retreat. The enemy had, mean-while reached, by a shorter route, and occupied some of the heights and passes in the mountains, and thus almost intercepted the Prince and his cavalry; but with great difficulty he forced his way through, and on this occasion rescued many wounded of the infantry of the Russian guard, who had heroically stormed the passes.

"The position of Peterswalde was the last that Ostermann's corps could take in the mountains to afford time for the retreat of the main army; and it was therefore successfully maintained, though not without considerable effort. Here the assembled Generals received intelligence that the main army was still in the mountains, and that the grand head-quarters of the allies were yet at Altenberg, in Saxony. It was therefore determined to cover the road to Toplitz, in order to gain the grand army as much time as possible for debouching.

"On the 29th of August the troops were accordingly to have continued their march at a very early hour; but before they could break up, the French cavalry, supported by a very considerable division of infantry, attacked the village of Peterswalde, which was occupied as the advanced guard of the line of encampment with infantry pushed forward through it, and was on the point of falling upon the columns that were about to march, when Prince Leopold came up with his cavalry, and drove back the enemy into the defile. He then maintained the little plain near Peterswalde till the infantry and artillery had retired to the position of Nollendorf, and then caused his cavalry to fall back *en echelons*. He was himself nearly taken with the last division, but he cut his way through, and rejoined the main body of the corps, which, but for the successful attack of the Prince, would probably have been totally intercepted."

Prince Leopold, for his conduct between the 26th and 30th of August, obtained honourable distinctions conferred by the two Emperors—from Francis, the Austrian military order of Maria Theresa; and from Alexander the cross of commander of the military order of St. George, delivered in the field of battle.

Considering the part the Prince took in all the principal actions of the combined armies, it is scarcely necessary to notice, that he was concerned in the memorable battle of Leipsic, which accomplished for the allies against the first, what the victory of Waterloo performed against the second usurpation of

Napoleon. When the gallantry of the allies had conducted them across the Rhine, Leopold joined the veteran Blücher in France, and partook in the principal actions and incessant fatigues to which the brave troops of the Marshal were exposed. On the 31st March he entered Paris, where he continued some time on garrison duty; and in the beginning of September, he repaired to Vienna to promote to the utmost of his power, before the Congress, the interests of his family, and the independence of his native land.

It will readily be supposed, that on the return of Bonaparte to France, he left the Austrian capital to join the grand allied army on the Rhine, which soon afterwards reached Paris under circumstances that are fresh in the recollection of our readers.

Such are the particulars of the work before us; and if there are some indications of haste in preparing it, the author has so far sacrificed his own credit to our entertainment, and with the view to bring us much earlier into an acquaintance with the family that has become dear to us. It will have been seen from this historical account, that his Royal Highness the Regent has not selected for his daughter a youth pampered in the lap of luxury, and rendered by support feeble, and by help helpless; but a hardy warrior, brought up amid the dust and dangers of the camp, and instructed in those qualities which constitute a profound statesman and a consummate general.

ART. XIV.—*Bertram, or the Castle of Aldobrand, a Tragedy.*
By the Rev. R. C. MATURIN. London. John Murray.
1816.

WE are far from denying that this tragedy is a work of very considerable merit, but we cannot acknowledge that it has deserved the success with which it has been received. All those who have seen it, have left the theatre disappointed, with no other pleasing impressions than those left by a few vigorous efforts by Mr. Kean, who seemed to throw his whole soul into the part. That he should exert himself is not singular, since he could not but be flattered by the fact that the piece was written expressly for the display of his extraordinary powers. But who, on seeing the representation, takes the least interest in its hero? Is he not, on the contrary, a being composed of all repulsive qualities—of bad passions, of malignant designs—in short, of nothing that can entitle him to love or admiration but the firm attachment he displays for Imogene?

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In the invention of the character of Bertram, all persons are aware that the reverend author is not original; it is in fact an adaptation to the stage of one of the heroes of Lord Byron, who has set the fashion of liking such beings at a very fortunate moment for Mr. Maturin—indeed, without Lara or the Giaour, it is probable that Bertram would never have seen the light. To this circumstance may, we think, be mainly attributed the run which this tragedy has already experienced. Holcroft's "Vindictive Man" was condemned for the one bad passion that appeared in the title; but now an evil taste has been acquired by the town, and we find a hero devoid of every virtue and of every affection, but one, received with rapturous applause.

Against the heroine we bring no complaint; indeed we should be devoid of all candour did we not allow that she is drawn with a simplicity and beauty scarcely so well portrayed since the days of our great dramatists. There is a delicacy in her thoughts and expressions that wins our hearts from the first scene, and ill prepares us for what is supposed to happen between the third and fourth acts. The spectators are not, we believe, in general aware of the gross insult there offered to morality—of the heinous crime of which Imogene is made guilty, which destroys the charm of untainted loveliness which the author at first had thrown round her character. The apparent ambiguity that prevails upon this point, from the dark manner in which it is handled, saved the piece from that indignation which assuredly it would have met with from a British audience, had the offence been made more apparent. Yet, without the belief of its commission, it is impossible to account for the dreadful catastrophe.

These two are in fact the only characters in the tragedy. St. Aldobrand, the injured husband of Imogene, is not seen till the third, and is killed in the fourth act, and the language of the part given to him, does not render him more prominent. The scene between him and his wife, after the fatal meeting of the latter and Bertram, has rather a ludicrous than a tragical effect, from the easy manner in which the good man is put off by the lady, who receives him with the utmost repugnance. Clotilda is merely a confidant made necessary by the scantiness of the characters—a sort of talking-post, upon the French model, for the reception of the heroine's thoughts and designs, which are, as generally happens in such cases, communicated with as little reserve as apparent motive. Four or five Monks (among whom the prior of St. Anselm, the oldest and most in-

firm, is made to play a most active and courageous part), complete the *dramatis personæ*.

With regard to the plot, action, and conduct of the piece, nothing can be more defective, tame, and injudicious. We do not mean that the fable is not, as far as it goes, interesting, but it is much too meagre to be spun out into five long acts: it might really be told in half a page, did we wish to repeat it to our readers; and for the action and conduct, they scarcely keep attention awake, more especially in the two last acts, where the whole catastrophe is as well known as the previous part of the play. Here, however, it fortunately happens that Kean is able to rescue his friend by some very fine, and we must say, without meaning to enter into particulars, some very bad specimens of his art. What can be better than the silent and repentant prayer in which he is interrupted? What can be worse than the manner in which he delivers himself up to the Knights, with the words "My executioners, not my conquerors." Miss Somerville, in the general peal of whose praises we cannot altogether chime, was also of great service to Mr. Maturin; she had enough talent not to be ridiculous, and enough beauty not to be uninteresting.

The language of the tragedy receives our almost unqualified approbation as an effusion of poetry in a dramatic form; we could quote many beautiful passages, but rather of the descriptive than of the scenic kind, for the principal error of the author (who has acquired the habit from the composition of his romances) is, that he makes the persons enter too much into a detail of their own qualities and habits, when in reality there is nothing of which they could be more incompetent judges. The tragedy, as a whole, promises greater success on a second attempt.

ART. XV.—*A Dictionary of Music*, by J. BOTTOMLEY. Wittingham and Rowland. Pp. 21.

THE terms employed in music having become almost exclusively Italian from the predilection which composers have for the harmony of that language, in which even strength is sacrificed to sound, the English reader stands in need of some assistance. It is the intention of the writer to afford that assistance in as small a compass as possible, and he recommends that his work should not be consulted merely as a book of reference, but be diligently read until the substance of it becomes perfectly familiar. The author also assumes that it will be found useful to the teacher as a text book, from which he may regularly select a certain portion of the

words, and then explain them in the way he may consider most intelligible.

We are from being enemies to the communication of knowledge in the most concise form in which thoughts can be clearly expressed, but this publication, which is intituled a Dictionary of Music, and consequently has some pretensions, is not even a dictionary of the terms of music as they are understood and employed by every performer. We will produce examples from the two essential parts of the opera: the *Aria*, by which the sentiments and passions are expressed, and the *Recitative*, in which the business or action is conducted. All we learn from the book about *Air* or *Aria* is, that it is tune, and all about the *Recitative*, that it is a species of musical recitation, which is as much as to say, that *Recitative* is *Recitative*. The Work, brief as it may be, ought to supply a little more than the common dictionary; it should be a dictionary applied specially and exclusively to the immediate science it is intended to unfold, or it does not answer the purpose.

The *Air* and *Recitative* are to be considered as genera in music, and the different kinds as species. Of the first we have, the *Aria Cantabile*, the *Aria Portamento*, the *Aria Carattare*, the *Aria Parlante*, the *Aria Bravura*, or the *Aria Agilita*, with the *Rondo*, and the *Gavatina*, but none of these are mentioned, and without them, we can have no idea of the great extent as well as precision of the Italian music; all which originate in distinctions previously made with regard to the nature of the passions, and their effect on utterance and expression. The *Air* properly consists of those passages in which one sentiment pervades a whole sentence composed of different parts.

All those passages where the transition from one emotion to another is sudden and violent, and which therefore can neither on account of their brevity, make each a whole of itself, nor by reason of their variety be made parts of the same whole, are, it is agreed, to be expressed in *Recitative*. Nothing of this nature is explained when we are informed, that *Recitative* is *Recitative*.

We will, by way of illustration, before we leave the work, extract a short example of the *Recitative* and *Aria Cantabile* from *Metastasio*.

Rec.—"Ma quanto, ah, tu nol sai, quant'è tiranna.*

Aria—"Jo lo so, che il bel semblante

Un istante, oh diò, mirai,

E mai piu da quell'istante

Non lasciai di sospirar."†

Persons, before they commence a work of the kind to which we are now adverting, should enquire what has already appeared on the same subject, and in that case, they would nine times out of ten spare themselves the trouble of the composition. Since Rousseau gave to notes a descriptive character, and fashion Italianized

* But, alas, thou knowest not how cruel she is.

† I know it, who that beautiful countenance beheld but for an instant, and never from that instant have ceased to sigh.

the language of music, some forty or fifty lexicographic manuals of this kind have been published, and most of those we have met with are better than the present adapted to the purpose, which is so brief, that its brevity renders it almost useless.

ART. XVI.—*Observations on the Chancery Bar.* Taylor and Hessey. 1816. Pp. 31.

THESE observations are very trite, common-place, and insignificant. The general reader is informed, that there are among the Juniors of the Chancery Bar, a number of men as learned and competent to conduct business, as the few leaders who now enjoy, as they have at all times enjoyed, a sort of monopoly of the most lucrative business. Within a few days, and since the publication of this pamphlet, an occurrence has taken place, which is connected with the unexplained but obvious object of the author, and which might have occasioned criminal informations if it had respected a handicraft rather than an honourable profession.

On the hearing of a cause before the Vice-Chancellor, the Senior not being present, the Junior was called on to supply his place; he refused, saying, he was instructed only to assist his leader, not himself to lead. The cause being struck out of the paper, and a motion being made before the Chancellor that it might be put on the paper again, a conversation between the Chancellor and the Barrister took place, in the course of which, a number of the stuff-gown gentlemen intimated, that they had agreed not to open causes in the absence of their leaders. It was hinted that it is hardly right in the gentlemen of the silk-gown to accept briefs with large fees, knowing they could not possibly even read them, while the whole burthen was thrown upon the persons who receive a very inferior remuneration. The Chancellor gave the gentlemen to understand, that in fact he could very well decide the cases without the assistance of any counsel whatever. With this hint the discussion ended, and it is thought the Juniors will succumb. Were their ruin complete, they might indeed succeed at last; for were they all to refuse accepting their briefs but on condition not to discharge the duties of the Seniors, the Solicitors would be compelled to leave those briefs ungraced with the truly respectable names of the leaders of the Equity Bar, and the labour and emolument would, as is reasonable, go hand in hand. This little contest is one of the effects of the appointment of a Vice-Chancellor. Two Judges are sitting at the same instant, and the same leaders are generally retained in the causes which are thus undergoing contemporaneous discussion.

It is certainly desirable that some arrangement should be made according to which it might be ascertainable before which Court any cause would be heard; and then the leaders of the Chancery Bar might distribute themselves in the Courts of the Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor, and the Master of the Rolls, with as little collision as takes place in the three Courts of Common Law.

WORKS IN THE PRESS,

Literary Intelligence, &c.

Mr. J. Taylor is preparing for the press a Selection from that part of the 4th volume of Stuart's and Revett's *Antiquities of Athens*, which relates to the Elgin Marbles from the Temple of Minerva. To which will be prefixed, the interesting Report of the Select Committee to the House of Commons.—We understand this work will be ready in about a month.

It is proposed by Mr. T. Williams to publish by subscription Six Essays, wherein Religious Liberty is stated and enforced, on the Principles of Scripture and Common Sense. The substance of these Essays was originally delivered in the form of Lectures before "The Christian Philological Society," now a constituent part of "The Minor Institute;" but it was judged advisable to reduce them to this form, in order to divest them of all extraneous matter. The Notes, while their leading object is to support the text, will also contain some interesting miscellaneous information.

Mr. Berry, late of the College of Arms, and author of a History of Guernsey, has in the press a Series of Tables, intituled, *The Genealogical Mythology*, intended as a book of reference for classical students. The work has received the sanction of many of the most eminent scholars in the kingdom, to whom the MS. has been submitted.

Mr. Haskins, of Holywell, near Watford, has in the press a Poem, in two Cantos, on the

Battle of Waterloo, which will be published in the ensuing month.

Dr. Adam Dods, of Worcester, is preparing for the press, the *Physician's Practical Companion*, or a *Physico-Chirurgical Synopsis of Modern Medicine*, arranged in Alphabetical Dissertations; comprising the natural history, chemical preparations, officinal formulæ, extemporaneous prescriptions and doses, of every medicine and remedy of distinguished efficacy; with the additional advantages of pointing out to what disorders their various virtues and powers are chiefly indicated, and the particular symptoms and stages of diseases in which they may be most beneficially employed; together with distinct and copious dissertations on the uses and abuses of blood-letting and of diet, according to the most approved practice of the present times, and the opinions of the latest eminent authors contrasted, together with the writer's original observations, founded on practical knowledge and experience.

The Connection between the Sacred Writings and the Literature of Jewish and Heathen Antiquity, particularly that of the Classical Authors, illustrated principally with a View to Testimonies in Confirmation of the Evidence of Revealed Religion. By Robert Grey, D. D. Prebendary of Durham, of Chichester, and Rector of Bishop Wearmouth

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Whittle and Laurie have recently published, in one thick 4to. volume, *The Oriental Navigator; or, Directions for Sailing to, from, and upon the Coasts of the East Indies, China, Australia, &c.* Composed for the Use of Ships trading to the Indian, Malayan, and Chinese Seas; and for those engaged in the Fisheries of the Pacific Ocean, &c.; third Edition, with considerable additions; newly corrected and revised, by John Stephens, of the Honourable Company's Service. To the Work are prefixed a Series of Original and Copious Tables of the determined Positions of all the principal Points and Places from the British Seas to Cape Horn, the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to the Islands of Japan, &c. Including all the Navigation above described, with the Authorities and descriptive Notes, by John Purdy. Also two Charts of New Discoveries.

A Plain and Practical Treatise on the Culture and Management of the *Auricula*, with full Directions for preparing the most approved Composts, raising choice new Sorts from Seeds, &c. founded on twenty-five years successful experience. By Isaac Emmer-ton, Seedsman and Florist, late of Barnet, Herts.

Cases determined in the Courts of Equity from 1783 to 1796 inclusive, with a few of an earlier date, by Lord Hardwicke and Lord Northington. By Samuel Compton Cox, one of the Masters of the Court of Chancery.

Modern French Conversation; containing new easy Dialogues, Models of Cards, Bills, Receipts, and Commercial Letters on various subjects, in French and English, upon the easiest plan ever yet offered to the public, for the use of Schools and Travellers. By J. Maurois.

Authentic Memoirs of the Life of John Sobieski, King of Poland, illustrative of the inherent Errors in the former Constitution of that Kingdom. By A. T. Palmer.

Bertram, or the Castle of St. Aldobrand, a Tragedy. By the Rev. R. C. Masturin.

The New Report on Mad-Houses,

made by Order of the House of Commons.

Remedies proposed as certain, speedy, and effectual for the Relief of our present Embarrassments. By John Eyre.

Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Earl of Elgin's Collection of Marbles. To which is added a copious Index.

The Penal Enactments of the Slave Registry Bill examined in a Letter to Charles N. Palmer, Esq. M. P.

The Narrative of Robert Adams, a Sailor, who was wrecked in 1810, who was detained three years in slavery by the Arabs of the Great Desert, and resided several months in the City of Tombuctoo.

Observations on the intended Amendment of the Irish Grand Jury Laws, now under the Consideration of the Hon. the House of Commons. To which is added, a Plan for the General Survey and Valuation of Ireland, and for the Commutation of Tithes, with several important Hints relative to the internal Economy of Ireland, and the distressed State of the Poor. By Wm. Parker, Esq.

Two Sermons, preached last Year at the Assizes for the County of Surrey, and printed at the Request of the Grand Jury. By Thomas Sampson, D.D. F. R. S. F. A. S. Rector of Grotton, Suffolk, and Minister of Denmark-hill Chapel, Camberwell.

Genlis' *Manuel de Voyageur*, in six Languages; containing dialogues on the most essential subjects in the English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages; a new edition.

More Thoughts; occasioned by two publications which the authors call, "An Exposure of more of the numerous Mis-statements and Misrepresentations contained in a Pamphlet commonly called Mr. Marryatt's Pamphlet, intituled Thoughts," &c.; and "A Defence of the Bill for the Registration of Slaves." By Joseph Maryatt, Esq. Agent for Granada.

An Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I. By the Author of *Curiosities of Literature*, &c.

M. Du Pin, Counsel for Sir R. Wilson, Mr. Bruce, and Captain Hutchinson, has lately written an interesting and circumstantial Narrative of the Escape of M. Count de Lavalette. A Translation of which has just been published in London.

Part I. of the Historical Account of the Battle of Waterloo: comprehending a circumstantial Narrative of the whole Events of the War of 1815. Written from the first authority by Wm. Mudford, Esq. and accompanied by a Series of splendidly coloured Engravings, Plans, &c. from Drawings taken on the Spot, by James Rouse, Esq. Illustrating the whole country from Brussels to Charleroi. Embellished with six Plates.

Travels in Europe and Africa. Comprising a Journey through France, Spain, and Portugal to Morocco, with a particular Account of that Empire. Also a second Journey through France in 1814, in which a Comparison is drawn between the present and former State of that Country and its Inhabitants. By Colonel Maurice Keatinge. Illustrated by thirty-four Plates of Scenery, Antiquity, and Costume, from Drawings made on the spot by the Author. 4to.

Amusements in Retirement; or the Influence of Literature, Science, and the Liberal Arts, on the Conduct and Happiness of Human Life. By the Author of Philosophy of Nature.

Glenarvon, a Novel. In three vols. 12mo.

Jane of France. By Mad. De Genlis. In 2 vols. 12mo. The same in French, 2 vols. 12mo.

A Letter to a Friend of Robt. Burns, occasioned by an intended Republication of the Account of the Life of Burns, by Dr. Currie; and of the Selection made by him from his Letters. By Wm. Wordsworth.

Thangsgiving Ode, Jan. 18, 1816, with other short Pieces, chiefly referring to recent Public Events. By Wm. Wordsworth.

Letters to a Nobleman, proving a late Prime Minister to have been Junius, and developing the secret Motives which induced him to write under that and other Signatures. With an Appendix, containing a celebrated Case, published by Almon, in 1768.

The Flower Basket, a Fairy Tale, with a Frontispiece. In 18mo.

The Sacrifice of Isabel, a Poem. By Edw. Quillinan, Esq. 12mo.

Observations on the Principles which enter into the Commerce in Grain, and into the Measures for supplying Food to the People; being the Substance of an Essay read to the Literary and Commercial Society of Glasgow. By Dugald Baimatynne, Esq.

Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell and his Children, supposed to be written by himself.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editors have received a Letter from the neighbourhood of Truro, and thank the writer for his kind offer.

A. R. W.'s Letter is received, and it will be considered.

A Metrical Romance will be noticed next month; also an Historical Survey, &c.

M. A. S. will appear in our next publication.

We make our acknowledgments for the Review of the Reviewers transmitted to us from Jamaica; but as it is entirely inconsistent with the sentiments of the Editors, we must decline inserting it. At the same time we distinctly admit, that it detects many errors, and shews much local knowledge of the state and relations of the black population on the island.

J. W. is unavoidably deferred 'till next month, and several other respectable works are in the same situation.